THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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LOVE AND FAME.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Before I e'er had looked upon
That brow with genius lit,
Or watched the gleaming changes
Across his pale face flit,
Or I had heard the words of power
That from his firm lips fell,
My ear had heard his praises,
My heart had loved him well.

And yet we met so coldly;
No offering could I lay
Upon a shrine where others bowed,
Their homage proud to pay;
And in those dreamy summer days,
Oftimes when he was nigh,
With easy jest upon my lips,
I passed him slowly by.

One day the sun was shining,
And I had sought the shade,—
While watching dancing shadows
The leaves above me made,
He glided from the sunshine,
And made the grass his seat,
And of his changeless love for me
He murmured at my feet.

I listened, and the maple spread
Away, up to the skies,
And all I saw around me seemed
Too fair for mortal eyes;
And then, although we met no more,
There caroled all the day,
To my charmed ear, the bird of Hope,
And eased my pain away.

They say that in the world away
A sounding name he bears;
That honors wreathe around his way,
And these he proudly wears;
Yet on my heart, with point of steel,
These lines are written o'er:
"Fame is than all more potent,
He never loved me more."

THE EBONY CASKET;

—OR—

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON ESTATE;" "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;" "BAFFLED;" "THE WHITE SPECTRE;" "THE WRONGED HEIRESS;" ETC., ETC., ETC.

"BY THE HEAVEN ABOVE US!" HE CRIED, "IF YOU ARE PLAYING ANY DEEP GAME TO WIN THAT GIRL YOU SHALL RUE IT!"

CHAPTER IV.

A VILLAIN'S HEART.

Captain Marthe muttered a curse.—"Foiled for this once," he said, under his breath. "Another time may the devil grant me better success."

Aloud he said, giving the old woman a meaning glance:

"That will do, Meg. The young lady has recovered, and there is no further need of your services."

Meg stared, and a disappointed look showed itself in her wrinkled face.

"Trinkets—papers!" she muttered. "I have had no time to look for anything."

He frowned, and pointed to the door.

"You may go. But remain within call, if you please."

Not daring to disobey him, the old woman, followed by Bill, hobbled from the room.

Captain Marthe took one or two turns across the floor, his dark, saturnine face working strangely. At last he came back and stationed himself beside the couch again.

"Bernice," he said, his tone softer than silk, "look up. What have you to fear? Are you not with me again?"

She moved and moaned, but neither met his burning glance nor answered him.

"Why did you go away? Was it me you feared? How could you be so foolish? You know I love you better than life or my hope of heaven."

The words seemed to rouse her. Fear gave way before her kindling spirit. She rose up and stood before him pale as death, but with her eyes on fire.

"Love?" she cried, in accents of bitter scorn. "Do not profane the word. You never knew its meaning."

"Never—until you taught me," he said, softly.

"You never knew its meaning," she repeated, hysterically. "How dare you hold such language to me? You are a villain. I despise you for your cowardice and insolence. It is a fine thing indeed to wage war upon a defenceless woman."

Then a great sob broke from her. She sank into the nearest chair, panting and trembling.

"Pray compose yourself," urged Captain Marthe. "I am calm. There is no need to fly into a passion. Besides, you are too weak for any such excitement. You can see that for yourself."

"Leave me," said Bernice, faintly.

"Not yet. You have hidden yourself away from me too long to be given up easily, now that I have found you."

She looked up at him almost fiercely.

"Dora betrayed me to you," she cried. "I might have known better than to trust her promise. I knew her to be false and treacherous."

His thin lips parted in a smile.

"You wrong Miss Raymond, you do, indeed. I do not deny that I have seen her. But that was to-day, after I had already traced you to Millbrook."

"You wrote that letter?"

"Humph. What then?"

"You are a greater villain than I thought you—that is all."

"Do not spare your epithets. They can harm nobody."

"Why have you brought me here?" she cried, with a stamp, and gleaming eyes. "What new villainy have you planned against me?"

"Softly, my dear. Do you expect me to reply to questions put in that tone, and with that look?"

"I demand to know where I am."

"In safe quarters, where you will remain for the present."

To her wild stare he replied with a faint laugh.

"God help me!" she cried, wringing her hands in sudden alarm. "What do you mean?"

"Simply that you do not leave this house until you go away with my full consent."

An irrepressible cry burst from her lips.

"Am I to be detained here against my will?" she demanded.

"If I wish it—and I do."

She clasped her fingers over her temples.

"Heaven be merciful!" she moaned. "I would rather be dead than in your clutches, Captain Marthe."

"I know it," he returned, coolly. "But people cannot give up the ghost just when it suits them best."

"Why have you been guilty of this dastardly act?"

"Why? Because I love you; because you were coy, and fought shy of me; because, in short, there was no other way to win you."

Her lip curled in scorn unspeakable.

"If you expect to gain anything by making me your prisoner you are mistaken. I shall only learn to hate you a thousand times more intensely than before."

"That would be foolish, since you are to become my wife."

"Your wife? Never!"

"You might as well be sensible, Bernice," and he stood glowering down upon her with love and triumph struggling in the dark villainy of his countenance. "You are here, in my power; and you can only go from this place as my wife."

"Then I shall die here."

"Humph. That may not be for you to say. You are a spirited little creature, but that will not avail you. What foul fiend, I wonder, tempted you to go to Millbrook?"

The voice was hardly audible which replied:

"I was homeless, almost penniless. I did not intend ever to go back to Shrublands. I must find work, or starve. Nobody would think of looking for me in a factory, I argued."

"True." He stood gnawing his moustache savagely. "You're an odd girl, Bernice," he said, with sudden vehemence. "You have latent energies of which much might be made."

"Thank you," she said, scornfully. "I prize your good opinion highly."

A sudden flush mounted to his temples.

"Your contempt does not hurt me. But let that pass. By the way," looking at her sharply, "you have a piece of property I would fain claim at your hands."

She started, and her face grew paler than before, if that were possible.

"To what do you refer?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"The Ebony Casket you brought away from Shrublands."

Instinctively she raised both hands to her breast. She trembled so she could scarcely retain her seat.

"I have nothing—of yours," she faltered.

"Attempt no denial," he said, a cruel sneer curling his red lip. "I must and will have the Casket. Its contents are too precious to be trusted even in your dainty hands."

He advanced a step or two nearer, and then paused to add:

"You had better yield it up. What good can it do you? When you are my wife—and you will be very soon—our interests are supposed to be one. You will lose nothing by a little patient submission."

He put out his hand to her. With a wild cry Bernice rose up and fled to the window. It was nailed down, and right below ran the river.

"Don't be a fool, Bernice," said Captain Marthe, approaching. "You see there is no use in resisting."

She recoiled from him with a shrill scream of horror and detestation. Muttering a curse, he followed her. His hot breath swept across her cheek, his hated fingers were clutching at her arms, but she writhed clear of him.

"Back!" she screamed, bounding suddenly to the opposite wall, and there confronting him. "I am not so defenseless as you think. Approach a single step nearer, and I will plunge this knife into my own heart!"

One hand was shaking wildly in the air. Captain Marthe caught the flash of steel, and also the brighter glow of her blazing eyes. Face and attitude were full of tragic power. He knew she was desperate enough for anything.

"Hold!" he cried, sullenly. "I have no desire to harm you."

She hesitated, stood staring wildly at him, but did not speak.

"Where did she get that weapon, I wonder?" he muttered. "Who would have thought she had anything so dangerous concealed upon her person?"

In answer to his questioning glance, she now said in a low, determined voice:

"I took care to arm myself against just such an emergency as this. You had better not try me too severely, Captain Marthe. I *might* be tempted to take *your* life, as well as my own."

He shuddered in spite of himself, at her wild words and the glance she gave him.

"Put up your weapon," he said, "There must be peace between us. Much as I desire to gain possession of the Casket, it shall not be torn from you, since you are so reluctant to give it up."

This last was spoken in a conciliatory tone, and he drew back a little to show her that he was in earnest.

"I must deal gently with the vixen," was his thought. "Meg can manage this part of the business for me. A drug, a narcotic of some sort, and there will be no trouble. The dagger can be secured at the same time."

Aloud, he added:

"I am going to leave you to your own reflections, Bernice, hoping you will be in a better humor when I see you again. But do not, I beg, try your tragedy airs with me again. They do not become you."

With these words he turned, and after having given her a lowering look, quitted the apartment.

Bernice dropped into the nearest chair, heaving a long sigh of relief. She hid the dagger in the folds of her dress, from whence it had been taken. Her need of it might not yet be over.

"Lost! lost!" she moaned, bursting into a hysterical fit of weeping.

Some minutes elapsed. Then the sound of a heavy, shuffling step outside the door caused her to hastily dry her eyes.

It was the woman, Meg, who came in. She paused near the threshold, looking round at Bernice with a horrible leer distorting her repulsive face.

The poor girl held out both hands, a thrill of joy running all through her at the sight of one of her own sex. She thought she was sure of help and sympathy.

"Come here," she said. "I want you to promise to be my friend."

Meg grinned, but did not stir.

"I can't make no promises, miss."

"You see how weak and helpless I am. Surely you cannot close your heart against me?"

"I've got nothing to do with you," was the brutal answer, "except to wait on you, and see that you are kept safe and sound."

Bernice's heart sank within her. She saw she had nothing to hope, no favor to expect, in that wretched house.

"Why are you here, if not to befriend me?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"The Captain sent me. I'm to wait on you, as I said before. Do you want anything?"

"Nothing—save liberty."

"Humph. I can't help you to that."

Then the hag bobbed a half-mocking courtesy, and, leering again, went her way.

Bernice heard a key click sharply in the lock as the door closed behind her. She flew to the window, and again tugged frantically at the sash. Of course she could not move it.

"O, my God!" she thought, "how utterly I am in the power of the wretches who seek my ruin!"

She buried her face in both hands, weeping more bitterly than before. Locked into this wretched apartment, with every means of egress cut off, and only foes around her, it is no wonder she gave way to utter despair.

Suddenly a strange, shrill cry, a combination of a scream and a howl, so unearthly that it fairly chilled her blood, echoed and re-echoed through the house.

She started up with an exclamation of horror. Whence came that fearful sound? Would it be repeated?

She listened intently, but a silence as of the grave reigned in all the house.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEXT MORNING.

In a magnificent apartment, whose frescoed walls were adorned with pictures, statues, and all the costly bric-a-brac that wealth can command, sat Dora Raymond.

It was the parlor appertaining to Mr. Lasalle's handsome private residence.

The wealthy mill-owner, though a bachelor, had long kept up an establishment of his own, presided over by a widowed sister. Here he could receive his friends at his own pleasure, and, being a modern Croesus, of course beauty and fashion flocked to grace his halls. Gold will always buy friendship, or at least the semblance of it.

Dora was Mr. Lasalle's guest. She could visit at his house without impropriety, since Mrs. Black presided there as hostess.

It was the morning subsequent to Bernice's abduction. Dora reclined upon a velvet couch, impatiently studying her fair white hands, and wondering why Jasper Layton did not come to amuse her, as was his duty.

Presently a hasty step crossed the hall, and the object of her thoughts entered the apartment.

Jasper looked strangely excited, and threw himself hurriedly into a chair.—Dora's bright eyes flashed quickly over his face, and then were hidden under their sweeping lashes.

"You are in trouble," she said, after a brief silence, approaching him and laying her hand gently upon his arm, "Will you not let me share your burden of care or sorrow, whichever it may be?"

He looked up at her quickly, his brow knitted in perplexed thought.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Raymond.—You surely cannot have heard the news."

"News?" she echoed, in well-stimulated amazement. "I have heard nothing."

"Miss Vance is missing."

She recoiled a little, caught at the back of the chair, and stood gazing at him.

"Miss Vance?" she said, stupidly, as if at a loss. "I never heard the name before."

"Surely you have not forgotten the brave girl who saved your life at the mill only yesterday?"

Something in his tone brought the color back to her cheeks again. "No, no, no," she cried, clasping her hands. "That dear, heroic soul! I hope no harm has come to her."

"She can not be found. She was missing from her place at the loom this morning. Lasalle sent a messenger down to her boarding-place. She was away all night, and has not yet returned."

Dora sank into the nearest seat. Indeed, her limbs trembled so violently that she could not have stood many minutes longer.

"How strange!" she faltered. "How very strange! What do you think has happened?"

"I do not know," he answered, gloomily. "Perhaps she went away to spend the night with some friends, and has not returned."

Jasper shook his head.

"The woman where she lodged says she had no friends to whom she was likely to go."

"Poor creature! I was really quite interested in her. She has the sweetest face I ever saw. Heaven grant that no misfortune has befallen her."

Then, after a moment's thinking, she added, with her face half averted:

"There may have been a lover in the case, and her sudden disappearance only a very ordinary elopement."

Jasper started at the words, and fixed upon her a glance that seemed to pierce her through and through. His face showed both surprise and displeasure.

"It is not probable," he said, coldly.—"Miss Vance seems to have been her own mistress. There could have been no necessity for such a step."

"True," returned Dora, gnawing her lip angrily. She felt that she had gone a little too far, and must retrieve her ground.

"I don't know what put such a thought into my mind. It was absurd. But I felt so confounded by the unexpected news."

Jasper's face had grown quite pale. He kept his eyes fixed upon her in a piercing gaze that made her tremble.

"I was quite sure, yesterday, that you did not meet Miss Vance for the first time," he said, in a low voice. "If you know aught of her, I entreat you to tell me the whole truth."

Dora caught her breath sharply, and said in a tone of well-simulated astonishment:

"I do not understand you, Mr. Layton. Is it possible you took the mill-girl to be a friend of mine?"

He nodded. "I could not help thinking you knew more of her than you were willing to tell."

"It was a mistake," and she forced herself to speak the lie in a perfectly unmoved voice. "Miss Vance, as you call her, is an utter stranger to me."

"You can tell me nothing of her history?"

"Nothing."

Jasper heaved a sigh of disappointment. Bernice's mysterious disappearance had affected him deeply. Brief as was the time he had been in her presence, the girl had won a place in his thoughts from which he could not easily dethrone her. He could not calmly contemplate any misfortune that might have happened to her.

Dora's denial seemed so earnest, so sincere, he did not think of doubting her. "I was mistaken," he thought. "It was a far-fetched idea, at best."

Nevertheless, he experienced a pang of real disappointment. Had Dora been able to give him any particulars concerning the girl's past history, he might the more readily have found a clue to the secret of her sudden disappearance.

Before he could add another word to what he had already said, however, the door was flung violently open, and Mr. Lasalle strode in, his dark face all aflame with passion.

Striding directly up to Jasper Layton, the mill-owner dropped a heavy hand upon his arm.

"Where is Bernice Vance?" he demanded.

Jasper drew back, his face growing purple.

"I know not, Mr. Lasalle. Why do you come to me for intelligence?"

The man stared hard at him, and swore a fearful oath.

"By the heaven above us!" he cried, his fist shaking wildly in the air, "if you are playing any deep game to win that innocent girl, you shall rue it!"

Jasper flung off the man's hand, his eyes flashing fire.

"Is this intended for an insult?" he demanded. "If so, I claim satisfaction; and the sooner you can give it the better."

The words seemed to calm Mr. Lasalle somewhat. He held out his hand sullenly.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have been quite upset by the event of the morning. I am sure that I misjudged you. Forgive and forget it."

"Of what did you suspect me?" asked Jasper, sternly.

Lasalle dropped his eyes. The hot blood dashed over his face.

"I saw, yesterday, that you admired Miss Vance very much. Forgive me if I thought, for one mad moment, that you were concerned in her disappearance. I think so no longer."

"It is well," said Jasper between his teeth.

A silence followed. Dora sat watching the two men. She did not look particularly well pleased. It was not an agreeable thought to her that Bernice had already won such a place in their good graces.

Jasper was the first to speak.

"I think I understand your feelings, my friend," he said, taking Lasalle's hand, his good humor quite restored. "But let me assure you I have had nothing to do with what has happened."

"I believe you."

"And you will unite with me in searching for the missing girl?"

"With all my heart."

The words seemed fervent enough, but something dark of suspicion or jealousy was still visible in the mill-owner's countenance.

The two men went out together. Dora gazed after them, clenching her small white hands, and gnashing her teeth venomously.

"You may search until you are gray-headed," she muttered, with a low, scornful laugh, "and that is all the good it will do you."

Jasper and Mr. Lasalle went first to the mill, and from thence to the place where Bernice had secured lodgings.

Jasper waited on the steps while the mill-owner summoned the landlady, and began to ply her with questions.

Suddenly his eye caught a fluttering bit of paper near the sidewalk. He picked it up eagerly. It proved to be the forged letter, signed with Patty Glint's name, which had drawn Bernice into the clever trap set for her by Captain Marthe.

He read it from beginning to end, then re-read it, growing more and more amazed every moment.

The hand was cramped and stiff, but he had no difficulty in making out the letter until he reached the sentence in which these words occurred—"Dora Raymond is in Millbrook."

Here he was baffled. He was utterly unable to make out the name. Whether intentionally or otherwise, Bernice had so obliterated it he could not be sure of a single letter.

He thought once or twice of Dora, that she might be the person mentioned. But he put the suspicion away with angry haste.

"Pshaw!" he muttered. "What is coming over me to distrust Miss Raymond? She is guileless and innocent as the day."

After a moment's deliberation, he reascended the steps, and put the crumpled letter into Mr. Lasalle's hand.

"Light at last," he said, grimly. "Read that."

The mill-owner did so, a look of anger and amazement showing itself in his face.

"It must have been a trap," he said, at once.

"I think so. What shall we do?"

"Find her, and let's proceed without delay. Where did you get the letter?"

Jasper told him. "Miss Vance must have dropped it on her way to keep the appointment."

"It is very strange nobody saw it sooner."

"Very strange."

Lasalle glanced swiftly into his companion's face. He had not forgotten his jealous distrust, as yet. But those were clear, honest eyes which met and returned his gaze.

"Come on," he said, satisfied at last.—"We must lose no time."

He thrust his arm into Jasper's, and the two walked rapidly in the direction of Millbrook Crossing. It was here they intended to resume their search for the missing girl.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Two nights and a day had elapsed since Bernice had been made an enforced inmate of the house by the river.

To her it had been a period of intense anxiety and distress. She was ignorant to what extreme measures her captors might resort. They seemed unprincipled enough for anything.

Waiting and sighing in her dreary apartment, she imagined a thousand vile plots were on foot to complete her misery.

Sometimes her thoughts reverted to Jasper Layton, and soft waves of color would chase each other across her lovely face. Jasper's manly grace and beauty had not been without their effect upon her sympathising nature.

"I know he is good and true," she said to herself. "O how quickly he would fly to my rescue did he dream how completely I am environed by foes."

Of Lasalle she scarcely thought; for a shiver ran over her every time she recalled his name.

She little guessed that both Lasalle and Jasper were hunting far and near to find her. She had imagined she would be missed from her place at the mill—gossiped about for a day or two, perhaps, and then forgotten.

The strength of the passion the mill-owner had conceived for her was past comprehension.

Captain Marthe did not come nigh her; but he sent frequent messages by the woman Meg.

The last was in writing, and came to her on the morning of the third day.

She had passed a sleepless night. Wild fears had assailed her all through the hours of darkness. She could hear unsteady steps pacing up and down the room overhead. Once or twice that shrill, blood-curdling cry, which had so frightened her the first night of her imprisonment, had reached her ears.

She was thankful to see the grey light of dawn; and for once even Meg's repulsive face proved a welcome sight, as she came in with a tray on which a light repast had been arranged.

The old woman gave her a sharp glance on entering, and at once wheeled up a stand, upon which she deposited the tray.

"For you, miss," she said, grimly, indicating a folded sheet of paper that lay beside the plate.

Bernice eagerly secured it, with the wild hope it might have come from some friend. But she was speedily undeceived. Unfolding it, she read these words:

"My patience will sometime wear out. I hope you are prepared to take a sensible view of the situation. If so, please send word by the woman who waits upon you, and you shall be my wife within the hour."

There was no signature, but none was needed. Of all men in the world, this hateful message could come from Captain Marthe alone.

Bernice angrily crumpled the paper in her hand. Glancing up quickly, she found Meg's eyes fixed upon her face in a look of menace.

"You know what was in that note—I see it in your countenance," she said, abruptly. "No matter. There is no answer. You may say so to your infamous employer."

Meg bobbed her head, leering savagely.

"You are in no haste, miss, to be a bonny bride?"

"Rather the bride of death than that villain's," was the heart-sick, yet spirited reply.

"Very well, miss. Captain Marthe shall hear a repetition of your words."

Bernice stood still a moment, trembling and palpitating. Then she suddenly flung out both hands, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"You are a woman," she cried, clinging to Meg's dress. "You must have a heart. Be merciful, and let me go away from this horrible place."

The hag looked down at her with a laugh, and a horrible grimace.

"Getting tired of your quarters, eh?" she grinned. "It isn't strange. But you needn't stay here an hour longer than you choose. You know very well the condition which will give you liberty."

"You will not help me?"

"I am here to perform Captain Marthe's bidding—not yours."

Bernice shuddered and was silent. She saw how useless it would be to appeal to this heartless old crone. She rose to her feet with a gesture of haughty disdain.

Meg turned to hobble out. She had reached the door when Bernice spoke to her again.

"Who is in this house besides myself?"

The hag changed color, and her jaw fell.

"Nobody," she answered, sullenly.

"You are not telling me the truth," said Bernice, firmly. "Perhaps some hapless person, like myself, is shut up, a prisoner, in these rooms."

A strange, yellowish pallor was visible in Meg's face. She swung round almost fiercely.

"What put such ridiculous notions in your head?" she demanded.

Nothing daunted, Bernice made reply:

"The singular noises I have heard."

"Noises?"

"Yes. A horrible cry—always sounding just the same, and heavy footsteps pacing the floor above."

Meg broke into a forced laugh.

"Little idiot!" she sneered. "It was the rats you heard—nothing else, I swear."

"Have rats human voices?" questioned the girl, disdainfully.

"O, that shrieking was the wind. I hope you were not frightened?" with a swift, searching glance. "We always hear it of windy nights."

Saying this, she went out hastily; but Bernice felt more than ever convinced she was not the only enforced inmate of that house.

More than an hour wore on. Presently a strange, scraping noise began in the chamber above. She sat still, listening intently. The sound grew louder. It seemed as if the floor had been removed, and somebody was digging their way slowly into her apartment.

At last a loosened bit of plaster fell at her side.

She sprung to her feet, and darted into the furthest corner of the room. She scarcely knew whether to scream for assistance or remain silent.

More plaster fell while she was debating the question, and presently the scraping ceased, and a voice called softly:

"Hist! Hillon!"

Bernice did not move or answer. She could not.

"Hillon!" called the voice again, this time a little louder. "Is any poor creature shut up below there?"

The question gave Bernice quite a start. She ran forward eagerly, ashamed of her fears. A suspicion flashed upon her mind that this might be her fellow-prisoner.

"Who calls?" she demanded.

"Hist!" said the voice, warningly, and now she could faintly discern a pair of eyes glued to the aperture that had been made, and glaring down at her amazedly.

"Are you a friend?" cried Bernice.

"Yes, miss," was the ready answer, "if you need one."

"Never in my life did I need one so much as now."

There was a short silence, and then the voice said—it was a man's voice, by the way, but very gentle and kind:

"Is it possible that you are a prisoner?"

"It is."

"So young, so beautiful! Ah, it would be hard if you were compelled to remain in this hated place so long as I have. God be merciful, and spare you such misery!"

Bernice felt singularly drawn to her unknown friend. To be sure she could not see his face. But the sincere sound of his voice was reassuring. If she had felt a lingering shade of distrust, it was vanished utterly.

"Poor man!" she said. "Have you been here so long then?"

"You would scarcely believe me were I to tell you the time."

"Is that dreadful woman your jailor, too?"

"Meg? Yes, she comes sometimes. But it is oftener her son, Bill, who brings me my food?"

"Why are you shut up here?"

"It's a long story," he said, sadly. "I will tell it some other time."

"Have you ever tried to escape?"

"Scores of times. But every means of egress seems to be well-guarded. At last I have succeeded in tearing up a portion of my floor. That was done more than a week ago. Since then I have been waiting for an opportunity to let myself into the room you now occupy, thinking escape from thence might be practicable."

"It is not," sighed Bernice. "Even the windows are barred."

"Never mind. God will take care of us yet. I have not lost all hope."

"Why don't you scream for help at the windows? They look out upon the river. Boats pass and repass frequently."

Bernice had thought of this plan for herself, but none of the boats had chanced to come within reach of her feeble voice as yet.

"I've tried that," was the answer. "I have brought honest sailors and fisherman up to my very door. But Meg and her son were always too sharp for me. On such occasions they swore I was a madman whom it was dangerous to have at large, and whom my friends did not wish to consign to an asylum."

"How cruel!" murmured Bernice.

"I do not blame them so much as the craven wretches who bribe them to play the part they have chosen."

Bernice's heart swelled with pity for the poor wretch, whoever he might be. After a moment's thinking, she said:

"How did you learn I was here?"

"I heard voices several times, and listened. I could make out nothing that was said. But I soon felt convinced I was not the only prisoner in the house."

"Was it you I heard cry out on several occasions?"

"Yes. I hoped you might hear and answer, if it was as I suspected."

"And I was foolish enough to be frightened."

"It is not strange. I should have been more careful had I known a woman was imprisoned in the apartment you occupy."

"I'm glad you were not careful," cried Bernice, eagerly. "It is a great relief to have spoken to you. I feel more hopeful for it."

"God will provide a means of escape."

"We will trust Him. But we must do what we can for ourselves."

"Of course."

"I have a dagger. Can we make use of that in any manner?"

"A dagger?" echoed the man, with a joyful quaver in his voice, "O, heaven be praised! It is of greater value to you than all the wealth of Ind."

"What can I do with it?"

"Cut the bars at your window—at least dig them from their sockets. Have you the resolution to do it?"

"Yes," said Bernice, firmly. "I will begin at once."

"The sooner the better; only be cautious."

"I will. Hush! I hear footsteps on the stairs."

Bernice hastily gathered up the bit of plaster that had fallen, hid it in the folds of her dress, and threw herself into a chair, assuming an attitude of abject misery.

She had scarcely done so when a key clicked in the lock, and the door swung slowly open.

(To be continued in our next.)

MR. SPRIGGINS' EXPERIMENT.

BY GEORGE SAMUELS.

"I'll bet you ten dollars I can!" said Spriggins.

"And I'll bet you ten dollars you can't!" said I, emphasizing the last word very decidedly.

The moral and conscientious reader must not be shocked at what he may consider our gambling proclivities. The phrase, "I'll bet you ten dollars," was simply a clincher or climax used by Spriggins and myself when we had exhausted every argument, and each failed to convince the other that he was wrong. And since neither of us, except in rare instances, ever acknowledged ourselves in the wrong, we had to bet ten dollars very frequently.

But we never expected to pay when we lost. Indeed, we never demanded payment when the point in dispute was settled, but contented ourselves in saying, "I told you so."

The point in dispute in the present instance arose about an item in the columns of the morning paper. The item read as follows:

"John Jones, a convict in Sing Sing Prison, has fallen heir to fifty thousand dollars. Efforts are being made to secure his pardon."

"There," said I, "you see the power of money. That man was just as innocent, and just as guilty, before he was worth fifty thousand dollars as he was afterwards; but behold, what a change! Wealth brings him friends, who make efforts 'to secure his pardon.' Had he remained poor, his 'friends' would have permitted him to rot in prison without raising a little finger to secure his pardon. This world is a humbug, Mr. Spriggins—a regular cheat; in the language of a poem I read in boyhood, it is 'all hollow, hollow, hollow!'"

As I concluded this spiteful little speech, Mr. Spriggins straightened himself up in the way he had when preparing himself for a combat; and I knew we should have a fight, our tongues being the weapons. Without giving the arguments *pro* and *con*, it will suffice to say that the discussion was brought to an end by Mr. Spriggins proposing an experiment. He was, be it understood, a man of means; a business man of good business standing, but somewhat eccentric; and the proposition he made was to go round among his friends, and tell them he was absolutely insolvent.

"If," said he, "I do this, and they freely advance money to start me in business, I win. I have no doubt that I can borrow all the money I want with nothing but my face for security."

Then, as stated at the outset, we bet ten dollars each on the result; and I awaited with eagerness the result of the practical test.

I, however, ventured to intimate that if he carried out the experiment, he might weaken people's confidence in his truthfulness; but this only made him think I feared the result, and made him more determined than ever. So the experiment was tried.

He went to Mr. Smith, one of his most intimate friends, and said:

"Mr. Smith, I am a bankrupt!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Smith, very much astonished. "And pray how has it come about?"

"I—I——" said Mr. Spriggins, hesitatingly, for story-telling, or, in plain English, lying, was a new sin with him, "I—I went security for a friend, and had to pay the last dollar of it."

"Too bad indeed," was Mr. Smith's sympathizing response.

"If I can only borrow a few thousands, however, to get started in business again, I think I can get on very well."

Mr. Smith thought there would be no difficulty in getting the money. He would be very glad to advance it himself, but he was "excessively short" just at that time. Mr. Spriggins knew that this was not the case, and his opinion of Mr. Smith's undying friendship underwent a rapid and radical change.

He saw all of his many friends, and renewed his request to each in turn; but they all happened to be "short" just at that time. After a few days of unsuccessful efforts to borrow money, he humbly acknowledged he had lost his bet fairly, and that his face was not good security among his friends.

"I told you so," said I.

But an unlooked-for trouble came upon him. He was engaged to a very accomplished young lady. His trust in her was unbounded. He had often told me that if there was a good, true woman on earth, it was his intended. But her father, hearing of the insolvency of the son-in-law that was to be, accosted him, saying:

"I understand, Mr. Spriggins, that you have met with a reverse of fortune?"

"Yes, sir," replied Spriggins, sheepishly.

"Of course, under your altered circumstances, you cannot expect to wed my daughter."

Here was a new turn in affairs for which Mr. Spriggins was not prepared. He thought at first of correcting the falsehood he had himself started; but the idea suddenly flashed upon his mind that here was a good opportunity of testing the sterling qualities of his sweetheart. This would be a triumph which would more than compensate for his defeats in other directions.

So he replied: "Of course, sir, I have a better opinion of your daughter than to suppose she promised to be my wife for the sake of sharing my money. Marriage for money"—and Mr. Spriggins was becoming very indignant—"marriage for money, sir, is a self-degradation, and nothing else, let the world call it by whatever name it may."

"Of course, Mr. Spriggins, my daughter thought something of you; but, you know, a man without means would be foolish to think of marrying."

"I have a good education, and, I may say, a brave heart; and, though deprived of fortune, I can earn enough to support myself and another."

"It is useless to prolong this controversy, Mr. Spriggins," said the old man. "As a man of honor, you will certainly offer to release my daughter from her engagement. Of course, if she does not accept your offer of freedom as the best thing under the circumstances, I shall have nothing more to say. Good day, Mr. Spriggins; I'm in somewhat of a hurry."

"In a hurry, is he?" muttered Spriggins, as his intended father-in-law disappeared from view. "Seems to me everybody is in a hurry now that meets me. Ah! I understand it. The sickly smile, the flurry and hurry, means simply that they want to drop me from their list of friends. Well, they shall be accommodated. But there is one friend that 'sticketh closer than a brother;' *she* will not desert me. There's great consolation in that."

So saying, he hastened to see her. He found her in tears. For the first time since engaged in trying his experiment he felt like a very mean man. He would have confessed at once what a great liar he had been making of himself, had not the confession been a rather awkward undertaking.

"You have no doubt learned," said he, "that I have met with a sudden reverse of fortune. Your father tells me that the only honorable course for me is to offer to release you from your engagement. And, while doing so, permit me to say that if, after being released from your engagement with Spriggins the *rich* man, you will plight your faith to him as a *poor* man, I shall be the happiest being on earth. I want to be an honorable man, and so give you your freedom."

Miss Dulcinea sobbed convulsively, but finally succeeded in speaking through her sobs so as to be understood.

"You are very kind, Mr. Spriggins," she said. "I am very sorry that our engagement must be broken off, for I did like you so well!"

And so the hopes that Mr. Spriggins had entertained were dashed to the ground. His Dulcinea liked him very well, but liked his money better; and so when she imagined that was gone, she too left him. Without another word, he strode off from her presence, a different, but by no means happy man.

"So, so!" he muttered. "The engagement on her part has been a mere matter of money. I am the same man I was before. I am as good, and a great deal wiser."

"You are right," said he to me. "This world is a humbug! There is not a man or woman among all my friends that's worth a pinch of snuff. But I'll be revenged! I have a plan in my head that will spite old Smith delightfully."

Mr. Spriggins seemed to have been struck with a new thought. He left me abruptly, and I saw him no more for several days. Meantime the news was spread around that Spriggins was not insolvent—that it was all a hoax.

The next time I saw him he told me, with a sort of malicious pleasure, that he had got about even with his "friends." Said he: "I know of an investment that will pay, without doubt, at least fifty per cent. I called on Mr. Smith and explained the thing to him. He was highly pleased, and offered to go into the affair.

"'But,' said I, 'you have no money—you are *excessively short*.'

"I've called on the rest, with a like result, and now I'm revenged!"

Mr. Spriggins really laughed, but it was a rather disagreeable laugh.

"I met," said he, "the father of her whom I once intended to marry. He was very friendly, but I told him I was in a hurry, and couldn't stop to talk, my time being too precious. And every time those false-hearted friends smile on me so pleasantly, I pass on, and tell them I'm in a hurry."

I suppose Mr. Spriggins has had his revenge, but he is a very sad man now. He is an old bachelor, and vows that the girls care more about money than a good, true heart. He says, too, that the love stories scattered over the country are without any foundation in real life. Poor Spriggins! he has learned at a great cost the truth that

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

ENGAGED, AND ALMOST WED.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

BY PAUL FRY.

The following letter from a young lady just on the eve of marriage, to her bridemaid, has by a peculiar combination of circumstances come into our possession; and it is so artless and frank in its revelations, that we readily yield to the temptation to share the pleasure of perusing it with our readers:

DEAREST AMANDA—I am about to inform you of an event which, to me, is most important—most thrilling. I am engaged. Yes, dearest and sweetest friend, I have given my heart, with all its wealth of tender affections, into the keeping of another. I want you to come here at once, and officiate as first bridemaid. I have an idea, which Fred says is very original and artistic; and he certainly ought to know, as he is a wielder of the magic brush. Never shall I forget the first time that I beheld him, standing before his easel, with a scarlet velvet cap resting upon his manly brow, and a pallet in his hand covered with such suggestive little daubs of paint—and the look he gave me, when a friend said, "Mr. Stanton, let me introduce you to Miss Ellsworth." It seemed to read my very heart and soul, which were his from that moment. Oh, Amanda, have you ever felt the first bewildering emotions of a new-born love? If so, you will sympathize with and pardon the weakness of your simple friend Arethusa.

But I was going to tell you—I want my bridemaids to represent the colors of the rainbow. You must wear violet, which will suit so charmingly your delicate skin. Fred says that, of course, I shall be the sun, which is quite appropriate, on account of my hair. He says it was that which first attracted him. "But," he asked, the other day, "if you are the sun, and your bridemaids are the rainbow, what am I?" I told him that he could be the black cloud, out of which the sun shines—pretty idea, rather, isn't it?

I want your dress to be of the very richest silk, with lace over-dress. There is one point upon which I must insist, and that is the lace point; nothing but the very choicest can I tolerate. I told Fred that I was very decided about this; and he said, "That is right; always be firm in the path of duty, Arethusa; your principles are sublime." Oh, Amanda, it is such heavenly bliss to feel that I have won the affections of a being so superior! Melinda Jones was married, the other day, in old-fashioned thread-lace; and *such* a show of it! such barbarous taste! Of course I should not specify your dress so particularly if you had not a rich pa; but I am not going to have any poor girls attend upon me. I never did like poor girls; they have such a pinched, patched look. My own dress will be of satin, and I want to have a train four yards long; but Fred says I had better take off a yard or two, and then let a little boy walk behind me with a roll of white satin in his hand, to show people that it is not from any contemptible ideas of economy that I have moderated my skirt.

As regards ornaments, I should like to have you all wear pearls; I, of course, shall have diamonds. Fred thinks pearls are more appropriate for a bride; but I very soon silenced him in respect to that. If he thinks that he is going to get off from giving me a set of diamonds, he is greatly mistaken. It is just as well to let him understand from the very outset what is expected of him. Oh, Amanda, the love that I feel for that man! I would be willing to share a shepherd's hut with him, were it not for the confined atmosphere and tallow candles. Against the last my soul rebels; for the aristocratic soul, you know, Amanda, is painfully sensitive.

I am not going to display my presents, for fear people should think we hired them. Oh, Amanda, isn't it dreadful? I have received a dozen pair of salt-cellars, and not one single soup-ladle. You know, if there is one single thing in this world I dote upon, it is soup; and not a ladle to serve it with! Fred says, "Do not weep, Arethusa; I will sell my picture of the 'Blind Beggar,' and spend every shilling of the money in soup-ladles, rather than have you shed one single tear." He is so sympathetic! We are truly kindred souls. He has just given me an opal ring. I did feel a little hurt that it was not a diamond—a solitaire is so chaste and simple—but he knows I expect it when we are married.

We are going to France for our wedding-trip. I like the French a great deal the best, they pay such sweet compliments; and the Germans blurt out just what they think. I never did like people that are so precise about telling the truth; shows such a lack of imagination, Fred says.

You must not disappoint me, dearest friend; and be very sure about the point lace.

Yours, in a whirl of happiness,

ARETHUSA.

HASTY WORDS.

The evil that is in the world, that rushes down our streets, devastating homes, ruining happiness, and laying waste the pleasant places, has many fountains. Sin does its deadly work in many ways, and sorrow comes from a variety of sources; and hasty words have much to answer for among the rest. We are apt to think that a word or two does not matter; that we need not trouble ourselves to be over-particular as to what we say. But this is only one of our many mistakes. Words live. There is so much vitality in them that they take root even upon very unlikely soil. Hasty words are almost sure to have little sense and less kindness in them. They are not the offspring of meek and quiet spirits, but of hot, passionate tempers. "All men are liars!" Who but a man in a passion would have said that? The assertion is so sweeping and unjust that if David had not prefaced it by his profession, "I said in my haste," we should not have understood it. Perhaps the reason why such words are spoken is that the speaker feels himself aggrieved. We often do in this life of ours; we cannot have all we wish from our brothers and sisters, and so we allow ourselves to grow fretful and angry. We are unreasonable enough to suppose that all things should be ours, and when we find only few things coming to our share, then we become discontented and peevish, and speak hasty words.

FLOWERS.

Oh! they look upward in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours;
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wandrings by woods and streams,
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of flowers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when mad'ning sin
Was not on earth, as by angels trod;
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And bless'd what He had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

EAST LYNNE;

OR

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This Serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLI.—(Continued.)

Spring waned. Summer came and would soon be waning, too, for the hot, dry days of July were now in. What had the months brought forth, since the election of Mr. Carlyle in April? Be you very sure they had not been without their events.

Mr. Justice Hare's illness had turned out to be a stroke of paralysis. People cannot act with unnatural harshness toward a child, and then discover they have been in the wrong, with impunity. Thus it proved with Mr. Justice Hare. He was recovering, but would never be the man he had been. The fright, when Jasper had gone to tell of his illness at East Lynne, and was mistaken for fire, had done nobody any damage, save William and Joyce. William had caught a cold, which brought increased malady to the lungs; and Joyce seemed to have caught *fear*. She went about, more like one in a dream than awake, would be buried in a reverie for an hour at a time, and, if suddenly spoken to, would start and shiver.

Mr. Carlyle and his wife departed for London, immediately that Mr. Hare was pronounced out of danger: which was in about a week from the time of his seizure. William accompanied them; partly for the benefit of London advice, partly that Mr. Carlyle would not be parted from him. Joyce went, in attendance, with some of the other servants.

They found London ringing with the news of Sir Francis Levison's arrest. London could not understand it; and the most wild and improbable tales were in circulation. The season was at its height; the excitement in proportion; it was more than a nine days' wonder. On the very evening of their arrival, a lady, young and beautiful, was shown into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. She had declined to give her name, but there arose to Mr. Carlyle's memory, when he looked upon her, one whom he had seen in earlier days, as the friend of his first wife—Blanche Challoner. It was not Blanche, however.

The stranger looked keenly at Mr. Carlyle. He was standing with his hat in his hand, on the point of going out. "Will you pardon this intrusion?" she asked. "I have come to you, as one human being, in need, comes to crave help of another. I am Lady Levison."

Barbara's face flushed. Mr. Carlyle courteously invited the stranger to a chair, remaining standing himself. She sat for a moment, and then rose, evidently in an excess of agitation.

"Yes, I am Lady Levison. Forced to call that man my husband. That he has been a wicked man, I have long known; but now I hear he is a criminal. I hear it, I say, but I can get the truth from none. I went to Lord Mount Severn; he declined to give me particulars. I heard that Mr. Carlyle would be in town to-day, and I resolved to come and ask them of him."

She delivered the sentences in a jerking, abrupt tone, betraying her inward emotion. Mr. Carlyle, looking somewhat unapproachable, made no immediate reply.

"You and I have both been deeply wronged by him, Mr. Carlyle. But I brought my wrong upon myself; you did not. My sister Blanche, whom he cruelly treated—and if I speak of it, I only speak of what is known to the world—warned me against him. Mrs. Levison, his grandmother, that ancient lady, who must now be bordering upon ninety, she warned me. The night before my wedding day, she came on purpose to tell me that if I married Francis Levison I should rue it for life, there was yet time to retract, she said. Yes; there would have been time; but there was no *will*. I would not listen to either. I was led away by vanity, by folly, by something worse—the triumphing over my sister, Poor Blanche! But which has the best of the bargain now; she, or I? And I have a child," she continued, dropping her voice, "a boy who inherits his father's name. Mr. Carlyle"—bending forward and clasping her hands, while her face looked like one carved from stone—"will they *condemn* him?"

"Nothing, as yet, is positively proved against him," replied Mr. Carlyle, compassionating the unhappy lady.

"If I could but get a divorce!" she passionately uttered, apparently losing all self-control. "I might have got one over and over again, since we married, but there would have been the expose and the scandal. If I could but change my child's name! Tell me—does any chance of redress remain for me?"

There was none; and Mr. Carlyle did not attempt to speak of any. He offered a few kind words of sympathy, very generally expressed, and then prepared to go out. She moved, and stood in his way.

"You will not leave until you have given me the particulars! I pray you do not! I came trustingly to you, hoping to know them."

"I am waited for, to keep an important engagement," he answered. "And were my time at liberty, I should decline to tell them to you, on my own account, as well as on yours. Lay no discourtesy to my charge, Lady Levison; were I to speak of the man, even to you, his name would blister my lips."

"In every word of hate spoken by you I would sympathize: every contemptuous expression of scorn, cast upon him from your heart, I would join in, tenfold."

Barbara was shocked. "He is your husband, after all," she took leave to whisper.

"My husband!" broke forth Lady Levison, in agitation, seemingly. "Yes! there's the wrong. Why did he, knowing what he was, delude me into becoming his wife? You ought to feel for me, Mrs. Carlyle; and you do feel for me, for you are a wife and a mother. How dare these base men marry?—take to themselves an innocent, inexperienced girl, vowing, before God, to love, and honor, and cherish her? Were not his other sins impediment enough, but he must have crime also upon his conscience?—and then must come with his bold face, and woo me! He has done me deep and irremediable wrong, and has entailed upon his child an inheritance of shame. What had he, or I, done to deserve it, I ask?"

Barbara felt half frightened at her vehemence, and Barbara might be thankful not to understand it. All her native gentleness, all her reticence of feeling, as a wife and a gentlewoman, had been goaded out of her. The process had been going on for some time, but this last revelation was the crowning point; and Alice, Lady Levison, turned round upon the world in her helpless resentment, as any poor wife, working in a garret, might have done. There are certain wrongs which bring out human nature in the high-born, as well as in the low. "Still he is your husband," was all Barbara could, with deprecation, again plead.

"He made himself my husband by deceit, and I will throw him off in the face of day," returned Lady Levison. "There is no moral obligation why I should not. He has worked ill and ruin upon me and my child; and the world shall never be allowed to think I have borne my share in it. How was it you kept your hands off him, when he reappeared, to brave you, in West Lynne?" she added, in a changed tone, turning to Mr. Carlyle.

"I cannot tell. It was a marvel oftentimes to myself."

He quitted the room as he spoke, adding a few civil words about her with Mrs. Carlyle. Barbara, not possessing the scruples of her husband, yielded to Lady Levison's request, and gave her the outline of the dark tale. It's outline only; and generously suppressing Afy's name beyond the evening of the fatal event. Lady Levison listened without interruption.

"Do you and Mr. Carlyle believe him to have been guilty?"

"Yes; but Mr. Carlyle will not express his opinion to the world. He does not repay wrong with revenge. I have heard him say that if the lifting of his finger would send the man to his punishment, he would tie down his hand rather than lift it."

"Was his first wife, Isabel Vane, mad?" she presently asked.

"Mad!" echoed Barbara, in surprise.

"When she quitted him for the other. It could have been nothing less than madness. I could understand a woman's flying from *him* for love of Mr. Carlyle; but now that I have seen your husband, I cannot understand the reverse side of the picture. I thank you for your courtesy, Mrs. Carlyle."

And, without another word, Alice Levison quitted the room as abruptly as she had entered it.

Well, the London visit came to an end. It was of little more than three week's duration, for Barbara must be safe at home again. Mr. Carlyle remained for the rest of the season alone, but he varied it with journeys to East Lynne. He had returned home for good now, July, although the session had not quite terminated. There was another baby at East Lynne, a lovely little lady, pretty as Barbara herself had been at a month old. William was fading rapidly. The London physicians had but confirmed the opinion of Dr. Martin, and it was evident to all that the close would not be long protracted.

Somebody else was fading—Lady Isabel. The cross had been too heavy, and she was sinking under its weight. Can you wonder at it?

An intensely hot day it was under the July sun. Afy Hallijohn was sailing up the street in its beams, finer and vainer than ever. She encountered Mr. Carlyle.

"So, Afy, you are really going to be married at last."

"Jiffin fancies so, sir. I am not sure yet but what I shall change my mind. Jiffin thinks there's nobody like me. If I could eat gold and silver, he'd provide it; and he's as fond as fond can be. But then, you know, sir, he's half soft."

"Soft as to you, perhaps," laughed Mr. Carlyle. "I consider him a very civil, respectable man, Afy."

"And then, I never did think to marry a shopkeeper," grumbled Afy; "I looked a little higher than that. Only fancy, sir, having a husband who wears a white apron tied round him!"

"Terrible!" responded Mr. Carlyle, with a grave face.

"Not but what it will be a tolerable settlement," rejoined Afy, veering round a point. "He's having his house done up in style, and I shall keep two good servants, and do nothing myself but dress and subscribe to the library. He makes plenty of money."

"A very tolerable settlement, I should say," returned Mr. Carlyle; and Afy's face fell before the glance of his eye, merry though it was. "Take care you don't spend all his money for him, Afy."

"I'll take care of that," nodded Afy, significantly. "Sir," she somewhat abruptly added, "what is that's the matter with Joyce?"

"I do not know," said Mr. Carlyle, becoming serious. "There does appear to be something the matter with her, for she is much changed."

"I never saw anybody so changed in my life," exclaimed Afy. "I told her, the other day, that she was just like one who had got some dreadful secret upon the mind."

"It is really more like that than anything else," observed Mr. Carlyle.

"But she's one of the close ones, is Joyce," continued Afy. "No fear that she'll give out a clue if it does not suit her to do so. She told me, in answer, to mind my own business, and not to take absurd fancies in my head. How is the baby, sir, and Mrs. Carlyle?"

"All well. Good day, Afy."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRIAL.

Spacious courts were the assize courts of Lomneborough; and it was well they were so, otherwise more people had been disappointed, and numbers were, of hearing the noted trial of Sir Francis Levison for the murder of George Hallijohn.

The circumstances attending the case caused it to bear for the public an unparalleled interest. The rank of the accused, and his antecedents, more especially that particular local antecedent touching the Lady Isabel Carlyle; the verdict still out against Richard Hare; the length of time which had elapsed since; the part played in it by Afy; the intense curiosity as to the part taken in it by Otway Bethel; the speculation as to what had been the exact details, and the doubt of a conviction—all contributed to fan the curiosity of the public. People came from far and near to be present; friends of Mr. Carlyle, friends of the Hares, friends of the Challoner family, friends of the prisoner, besides the general public. Colonel Bethel and Mr. Justice Hare had conspicuous seats.

At a few minutes past nine the judge took his place on the bench, but not before a rumor had gone through the court—a rumor that seemed to shake it to its centre, and which people stretched out their necks to hear: Otway Bethel had turned Queen's

evidence, and was to be admitted as witness for the crown.

Thin, haggard, pale, looked Francis Levison as he was placed in the dock. His incarceration had not in any way contributed to his personal advantages, and there was an ever-recurring expression of dread upon his countenance not pleasant to look upon. He was dressed in black, old Mrs. Levison having died, and his diamond ring shone conspicuous still on his white hand, now whiter than ever. The most eminent counsel were engaged on both sides.

The testimony of the witnesses already given need not be recapitulated. The identification of the prisoner with the man Thorn was fully established; Ebenezer James proved that, Afy proved it, and also that he, Thorn, was at the cottage that night. Sir Peter Levison's groom was likewise re-examined. But still there wanted other testimony. Afy was made to reassert that Thorn had to go to the cottage for his hat after leaving her; but that proved nothing; and the conversation, or quarrel, overheard by Mr. Dill, was not again put forward. If this was all the evidence, people opined that the case for the prosecution would break down.

"Call Richard Hare," said the counsel for the prosecution.

Those present who knew Mr. Justice Hare, looked up at him, wondering why he did not stir in answer to his name—wondering at the pallid hue which overspread his face. Not he, but another, came forward—a fair, placid, gentlemanly young man, with blue eyes, fair hair, and a pleasant countenance. It was Richard Hare the younger. He had resumed his original position in life, so far as attire went, and in that, at least, was a gentleman again. In speech also: with his working dress Richard had thrown off his working manners.

A strange hubbub arose in court. Richard Hare the exile—the reported dead—the man whose life was still in jeopardy! The spectators rose with one accord to get a better view; they stood on tiptoe; they pushed forth their necks; they strained their eyesight; and, amidst all their noisy hum, the groan bursting from the lips of Justice Hare was unnoticed. Whilst order was called for, and the judge threatened to clear the court, two officers moved themselves quietly up, and stood behind the witness. Richard Hare was in custody, though he might know it not. The witness was sworn.

"What is your name?"

"Richard Hare."

"Son of Mr. Justice Hare, I believe, of the Grove, West Lynne?"

"His only son."

"The same against whom a verdict of willful murder is out?" interposed the judge.

"The same, my lord," replied Richard Hare, who appeared, strange as it may seem, to have cast away all his old fearfulness.

"Then, witness, let me warn you that you are not obliged to answer any question that may tend to criminate yourself."

"My lord," answered Richard Hare, with some emotion, "I wish to answer any and every question put to me. I have but one hope, that the full truth of all pertaining to that fatal evening may be made manifest this day."

"Look round at the prisoner," said the examining counsel. "Do you know him?"

"I know him now as Sir Francis Levison. Up to April last, I believed his name to be Thorn."

"State what occurred on the evening of the murder, as far as your knowledge goes."

"I had an appointment that evening with Afy Hallijohn, and went down to their cottage to keep it"——

"A moment," interrupted the counsel. "Was your visit that evening made in secret?"

"Partially so. My father and mother were displeased, naturally, at my intimacy with Afy Hallijohn, therefore, I did not care that they should be cognizant of my visits there. I am ashamed to confess that I told my father a lie over it that very evening. He saw me leave the dinner-table to go out with my gun, and inquired where I was off to. I answered that I was going out with young Beauchamp."

"When, in point of fact, you were not?"

"No. I took my gun, for I had promised to lend it to Hallijohn while his own was being repaired. When I reached the cottage, Afy refused to admit me: she was busy, and could not, she said. I felt sure she had got Thorn with her. She had, more than once before, refused to admit me when I had gone there by her own appointment; and I always found that Thorn's presence in the cottage was the obstacle."

"I suppose you and Thorn were jealous of each other?"

"I was jealous of him, I freely admit it. I don't know whether he was of me."

"May I inquire what was the nature of your friendship for Miss Afy Hallijohn?"

"I loved her with an honorable love, as I might have done by any young lady in my own station of life. I would not have married her in opposition to my father and mother; but I told Afy that if she was content to wait for me until I was my own master, I would then make her my wife."

"You had no views toward her of a different nature?"

"None: I cared for her too much for that; and I respected her father. Afy's mother had been a lady, too, although she had married Hallijohn, who was but clerk to Mr. Carlyle. No; I never had a thought of wrong toward Afy—I never could have had."

"Now relate the occurrences of the evening?"

"Afy would not admit me, and we had a few words over it; but at length I went away, first giving her the gun, and telling her it was loaded. She lodged it against the wall, just inside the door, and I went into the wood and waited, determined to see whether or not Thorn was with her, for she had denied that he was. Locksley saw me there, and asked why I was hiding. I did not answer; but I went farther off, quite out of view of the cottage. Some time afterward, less than half an hour, I heard a shot in the direction of the cottage. Somebody was having a late pop at the partridges, I thought. Just then I saw Otway Bethel emerge from the trees not far from me, and run toward the cottage. My lord," added Richard Hare, looking at the judge, "that was the shot that killed Hallijohn."

"Could the shot," asked the counsel, "have been fired by Otway Bethel?"

"It could not. It was much farther off. Bethel disappeared, and in another minute there came one flying down the path leading from the cottage. It was Thorn, and evidently in a state of intense terror. His face was livid, his eyes staring, and he panted and shook like one in the ague. Past me he tore, on down the path, and I afterward heard the sound of his horse galloping away; it had been tied in the wood."

"Did you follow him?"

"No. I wondered what had happened to put him in that state; but I made haste to the cottage, intending to reproach Afy with her duplicity. I leaped up the two steps, and fell over the prostrate body of Hallijohn. He was lying dead within the door. My gun, just discharged, was flung on the floor, its contents in Hallijohn's side."

You might have heard a pin drop in court, so intense was the interest.

"There appeared to be no one in the cottage, upstairs or down. I called to Afy but she did not answer. I caught up the gun, and was running from the cottage, when Locksley came out of the wood and looked at me. I grew confused, fearful, and I threw the gun back again and made off."

"What were your motives for acting in that way?"

"A panic had come over me; and in that moment I must have lost the use of my reason, otherwise I never should have acted as I did. Thoughts, especially of fear, pass through our minds with astonishing swiftness, and I feared lest the crime should be fastened upon me. It was fear made me snatch up my gun, lest it should be found near the body; it was fear made me throw it back again when Locksley appeared in view—a fear, you understand, from which all judgment, all reason, had departed. But for my own conduct, the charge never would have been laid to me."

"Go on."

"In my flight I came upon Bethel. I knew that if he had gone toward the cottage after the shot was fired, he must have encountered Thorn flying from it. He denied that he had: he said he had only gone along the path for a few paces, and then plunged into the wood again. I believed him and departed."

"Departed from West Lynne?"

"That night I did. It was a foolish, fatal step, the result of cowardice. I found the charge was laid to me, and I thought I would absent myself for a day or two, to see how things turned out. Next came the inquest and the verdict against me, and then I left for good."

"This is the truth, so far as you are cognizant of it?"

"I swear that it is the truth, and the whole truth, so far as I am cognizant of it," replied Richard Hare, with emotion. "I could not assert it more solemnly, were I before God."

He was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, but his testimony was not shaken in the least. Perhaps not one present but was impressed with its truth.

Afy Hallijohn was recalled, and questioned as to Richard's presence at her father's house that night. It tallied with the account given by Richard; but it had to be drawn from her.

"Why did you decline to receive Richard into the cottage, after appointing him to come?"

"Because I chose," returned Afy.

"Tell the jury why you chose."

"Well, I had got a friend with me—it was Captain Thorn," she added, feeling that she should only be questioned on the point, so might as well acknowledge it. "I did not admit Richard Hare, for I fancied they might get up a quarrel if they were together."

"For what purpose did Richard Hare bring down his gun—do you know?"

"It was to lend to my father. My father's gun had something the matter with it, and was at the smith's. I had heard him, the previous day, ask Mr. Richard to lend him one of his, and Mr. Richard said he would bring one, as he did."

"You lodged the gun against the wall—safely?"

"Quite safely."

"Was it touched by you, after placing it there, or by the prisoner?"

"I did not touch it; neither did he, that I saw. It was that same gun which was afterward found near my father, and had been discharged."

The next witness called was Otway Bethel. He also held share in the curiosity of the public, but not in equal degree with Afy, still less with Richard Hare. The substance of his testimony was as follows:

"On the evening that Hallijohn was killed, I was in the Abbey Wood, and I saw Richard Hare come down the path with a gun, as if he had come from his own house."

"Did Richard Hare see you?"

"No; he could not see me: I was right in the thicket. He went to the cottage door, and was about to enter, when Afy Hallijohn came hastily out of it, pulling the door to behind her, and holding it in her hand, as if afraid he would go in. Some colloquy ensued, but I was too far off to hear it; and then she took the gun from him and went indoors. Some time after that, I saw Richard Hare amid the trees at a distance, farther off the cottage, then, than I was, and apparently watching the path. I was wondering what he was up to, hiding there, when I heard a shot fired, alone, as it seemed, to the cottage, and"——

"Stop a bit, witness. Could that shot have been fired by Richard Hare?"

"It could not. He was a quarter of a mile nearly away from it. I was much nearer the cottage than he."

"Go on."

"I could not imagine what the shot meant, or who could have fired it. Not that I suspected mischief; and I knew that poachers did not congregate so near Hallijohn's cottage. I set off to reconnoitre, and as I turned the corner, which brought the house within my view, I saw Captain Thorn—as he was called—come leaping out of it. His face was white with terror, his breath was gone—in short, I never saw any living man betray so much agitation. I caught his arm as he would have passed me. 'What have you been about?' I asked. 'Was it you who fired?' He"——

"Stay. Why did you suspect him?"

"From his state of excitement—from the terror he was in—that some ill had happened, I felt sure; and so would you, had you seen him as I did. My arresting him increased his agitation: he tried to throw me off, but I am a strong man; and I suppose he thought it best to temporize. 'Keep dark upon it, Bethel,' he said; 'I will make it worth your while. The thing was not premeditated; it was done in the heat of passion. What business had the fellow to abuse me? I have done no harm to the girl.' As he thus spoke, he took out a pocket-book with the hand that was at liberty; I held the other"——

"As the prisoner thus spoke, you mean?"

"The prisoner. He took a bank-note from his pocket-book, and thrust it into my hands. It was a note for £50. 'What's done can't be undone, Bethel,' he said, 'and your saying that you saw me here can serve me no good turn. Shall it be silence?' I took the note, and answered that it should be silence. I had not the least idea that anybody was killed."

"What did you suppose had happened, then?"

"I could not suppose; I could not think; it all passed in the haste and confusion of a moment, and no definite idea occurred to me. Thorn flew on down the path, and I stood looking after him. The next was, I heard footsteps, and I slipped within the trees. They were those of Richard Hare, who took the path to the cottage. Presently he returned, little less agitated than Thorn had been. I had gone into an open space then, and he accosted me, asking if I had seen 'that hound' fly from the cottage? 'What hound?' I asked of him. 'That fine fellow, that Thorn, who comes after Afy,' he answered; but I stoutly denied that I had seen any one. Richard Hare continued his way, and I afterwards found that Hallijohn was killed."

"And so, you took a bribe to conceal one of the foulest crimes that ever man committed, Mr. Otway Bethel?"

"I took the money, and am ashamed to confess it. But it was done without reflection. I swear that had I known what crime it was intended to hush up, I never would have touched it. I was hard-up for funds, and the amount tempted me. When I discovered what had really happened, and that Richard Hare was accused, I was thunderstruck at my own deed: many a hundred times since, have I cursed the money: and the fate of Richard has been as a heavy weight upon my conscience."

"You might have lifted the weight by confessing."

"To what end? It was too late. Thorn had disappeared. I never heard of him, or saw him, until he came to West Lynne this last spring, as Sir Francis Levison, to oppose Mr. Carlyle. Richard Hare had also disappeared; had never been seen or heard of, and most people supposed he was dead. To what end, then, should I confess? Perhaps only to be suspected myself. Besides, I had taken the money upon a certain understanding, and it was only fair that I should keep to it."

If Richard Hare was subjected to a severe cross-examination, a far more severe one awaited Otway Bethel. The judge spoke to him only once, his tone ringing with reproach.

"It appears, then, witness, that you have retained within you, all these years, the proofs of Richard Hare's innocence?"

"I can only acknowledge it with contrition, my lord."

"What did you know of Thorn in those days?" asked the counsel.

"Nothing, save that he frequented the Abbey Wood, his object being Afy Hallijohn. I had never exchanged a word with him until this night; but I knew his name, Thorn—at least, the one he went by. And by his addressing me as Bethel, it appeared that he knew mine."

The case for the prosecution closed. An able and ingenious speech was made for the defence, the learned counsel who offered it contending that there was still no proof of Sir Francis Levison having been the guilty man. Neither was there any proof that the catastrophe was not the result of pure accident. A loaded gun, standing against a wall in a small room, was not a safe weapon; and he called upon the jury not rashly to convict in the uncertainty, but to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt. He should call no witnesses, he observed, not even to character. Character! for Sir Francis Levison! The court burst into a grin; the only sober face in it being that of the judge.

The judge summed up. Certainly not in the prisoner's favor; but, to use the expression of some amidst the audience, dead against him. Otway Bethel came in for a side shaft or two from his lordship; Richard Hare for sympathy. The jury retired about four o'clock, and the judge quitted the bench.

A very short time they were absent. Scarcely a quarter of an hour. His lordship returned into court, and the prisoner was again placed in the dock. He was the hue of marble, and, in his nervous agitation, kept incessantly throwing back his hair from his forehead—the action already spoken of. Silence was proclaimed.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury?—guilty or not guilty?"

"GUILTY."

It was a silence to be felt; and the prisoner gasped once or twice convulsively.

"But," added the foreman, "we wish to recommend him to mercy."

"On what grounds," inquired the judge.

"Because, my lord, we believe it was not a crime planned by the prisoner beforehand; but arose out of the bad passions of the moment, and was so committed."

The judge paused; and drew something black from the receptacle of a pocket, buried deep in his robes.

"Prisoner at the bar! Have you anything to urge why the sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner clutched the front of the dock. He threw up his head, as if shaking off the dread fear which had oppressed him, and the marble of his face changed to scarlet.

"Only this, my lord. The jury, in giving their reason for recommending me to your lordship's mercy, have adopted the right view of the case, as it actually occurred. The man Hallijohn's life was taken by me, it will be useless for me to deny, in the face of the evidence given this day. But it was not taken in malice. When I quitted the girl, Afy, and went to the cottage for my hat, I no more contemplated injuring mortal man, than I contemplate it at this moment. He was there; the father; and in the dispute that ensued, the catastrophe occurred. My lord, it was not willful murder."

The prisoner ceased. And the judge, the black cap on his head, crossed his hands one upon the other.

"Prisoner at the bar. You have been convicted, by clear and undoubted evidence, of the crime of willful murder. The jury have pronounced you guilty; and in their verdict I entirely coincide. That you took the life of that ill-fated and unoffending man, there is no doubt; you have, yourself, confessed it. It was a foul, a barbarous, a wicked act. I care not for what may have been the particular circumstances attending it; he may have provoked you by words; but no provocation of that nature could justify your drawing the gun upon him.—Your counsel urged that you were a gentleman, a member of the British aristocracy, and therefore deserved consideration. I confess that I was very much surprised to hear such a doctrine fall from his lips. In my opinion, your being what you are, your position in life, makes your crime the worse; and I have always maintained that when a man possessed of advantages falls into sin, he deserves less consideration than does one who is poor, simple and uneducated. Certain portions of the evidence given to-day (and I do not now allude to the actual crime) tell very greatly against you; and I am sure not one in the court but must have turned from them with abhorrence. You were pursuing the daughter of this man with no honorable purpose—and in this point your conduct contrasts badly with the avowal of Richard Hare—equally a gentleman with yourself. In this pursuit you killed her father; and not content with that, you still pursued the girl—and pursued her to her ruin. Basely deceiving her as to the actual facts, and laying the crime upon another. I cannot trust myself to speak further upon this point; nor is it necessary that I should; it is not to answer for that, that you stand before me. Uncalled, unprepared, and by you unpitied, you hurried that unfortunate man into eternity; and you must now expiate the crime with your own life. The jury recommended you to mercy; and the recommendation will be forwarded in due course to the proper quarter; but you must be aware how frequently this clause is appended to a verdict, and how very rarely it is attended to, just cause being wanting. I can but enjoin you, and I do so most earnestly, to pass the little time that probably remains to you on earth, in seeking repentance and forgiveness. You are best aware, yourself, what your past life has been; the world knows somewhat of it; but there is pardon above for the most guilty, when it is earnestly sought. It now only remains for me to pass the sentence of the law. It is, that you, Francis Levison, be taken back to the place whence you came, and hence to the place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may the Lord God Almighty have mercy upon your soul!"

"Amen!"

* * * * * *

The court was cleared. The day's excitement was over, and the next case was inquired for. Not quite over, however, yet, the excitement, and the audience crowded in again. For the next case proved to be the arraignment of Richard Hare the younger. A formal proceeding merely, in pursuance of the verdict of the coroner's inquest. No evidence was offered against him, and the judge ordered him to be discharged. Richard, poor, ill-used, baited Richard was a free man again.

Then ensued the scene of all scenes. Half, at least, of those present, were residents of, or from near West Lynne. They had known Richard Hare from infancy—they had admired the boy in his pretty childhood—they had liked him in his unoffending boyhood, but they had been none the less ready to cast their harsh stones at him, and to thunder down their denunciations when the time came. In proportion to their fierceness then, was their contrition now; Richard had been innocent all the while; they had been more guilty than he.

An English mob, gentle or simple, never gets up its excitement by halves. Whether its demonstration be of a laudatory or a condemnatory nature, the steam is sure to be put on to bursting point. With one universal shout, with one bound, they rallied round Richard; they congratulated him; they overwhelmed him with good wishes; they expressed with shame their repentance; they said the future would atone for the past. Had he possessed a hundred hands, they would have been shaken off. And when Richard extracted himself, and turned, in his pleasant, forgiving, loving nature, to his father, the stern old justice, forgetting his pride and pomposity, burst into tears and sobbed like a child, as he murmured something about his also needing forgiveness.

"Dear father," cried Richard, his own eyes wet, "it is forgiven and forgotten already. Think how happy we shall be again together—you, and I, and my mother."

The justice's hands, which had been wound round his son, relaxed their hold. They were twitching curiously; the body also began to twitch, and he fell upon the shoulder of Colonel Bethel in a second stroke of paralysis.

(To be continued in our next.)

CURING A COQUETTE.

BY PHILIP WATTS.

She was a little thing, possessing a *petite* form, with dark hair, banded back in massive, shining braids from a classically outlined face, and sloe-black eyes, that were usually luminous with mischievous mirth. But, ah! how I loved her, and how many heartaches I endured from her love of coquetry! Verily, I believe the spirit of mischief reigns supreme in jetty eyes and midnight tresses.

I met her first at the house of a mutual friend, where we were both visiting; but we were not the only guests, for the house was filled almost to overflowing with a merry company, who made the spacious old mansion ring again with their gay laughter and witty repartee.

Annie Sheldon, the bewitching little lady whom I have attempted to describe, was in no wise behindhand in contributing her share towards the general amusement; and when the shouts of laughter were the merriest and the applause the loudest, it was generally called forth by some sly drollery or *apropos* retort of hers.

In front of the house spread a broad lawn, dotted, here and there, by a mound of brilliant-hued flowers or rustic urn, filled with emerald mosses and graceful, clinging ivy. And here was the croquet-ground—I shudder, even now, at the name; and here, for hours, daily, I was chained, together with my helpless brothers in misfortune, while the young ladies amused themselves by driving our balls about in the most heartless manner.

Annie, as if to aggravate me, invariably ranged herself on the side of my opponents, and appeared to take a malicious pleasure in my evident annoyance thereat; and after an unusually vicious stroke, which would send my unlucky ball flying to the farthermost extremity of the ground, she would watch me, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, as, under the scorching sun, I industriously loitered after it, and replaced it within the limits, though often, I must acknowledge, with a flushed face and an irrepressible feeling of irritation. Her side invariably won the game, for she was a good player, and perfectly at her ease; while I, though usually considered a fine player also, could never make a respectable stroke, with her dark eyes bent upon me, rendering me nervous to the last degree; and then, when she had triumphed, she would assume a bewitching air of regret and penitence, and make herself so agreeable that I could not help forgiving the girl, and finding myself more hopelessly in love than ever.

But it was not only in the game of croquet that she delighted to tantalize me. No; it was always so. Did we go for a ride, she would contrive that it should fall to my lot to escort some other lady, a short distance behind her, that I might the better witness and appreciate her flirtations with her attendant cavalier, while occasionally she would dart an arch glance back at me, as if to say, "You see I am not quite caught yet, sir."

And if we made up a party to go rowing, and by chance I was so fortunate as to secure her as a companion, she would lean listlessly and silently back in one end of the boat, and, dipping her white hand in the translucent water, watch me furtively from beneath her dusky eyelashes; but to all my attempts at conversation reply in discouraging monosyllables.

But, notwithstanding her strange, almost unaccountable behavior, there were times when she greeted my approach with smiles, and was so affable and charming that I knew it was no personal dislike to myself which influenced her, but only an inordinate love of mischief and coquetry.

However, matters could not continue in this way forever; for, what with her numberless flirtations and caprices, I was becoming desperate. So, loving her as I did, I determined to win her at all hazards, and also, if possible, cure her of her terrible propensity for flirting; for I knew that, however much I might be attached to her, I could never be really happy with a flirt as my wife.

I decided to try her, first, with her own weapon, flirtation, and at once became quite cool and distant in my conversation to her, and very assiduous in my attentions to Jennie Benson, a blue-eyed, golden-haired little beauty, and a most consummate flirt, who met my advances full half-way.

Annie did not seem to be pleased at the loss of her would-be devoted cavalier; and I noticed that she did not appear quite as lively and spirited as formerly, but would sit, even when surrounded by her merry friends, absorbed in serious thought; and often, if I glanced at her from where I sat beside the sprightly Jennie, I would surprise her eyes fixed upon me with a half-wondering, half-reproachful expression in their midnight depths; but I would not relent, and, appearing not to notice her, would continue the merry *badinage* with my companion.

But Annie did not flirt as outrageously as she had formerly done; and I inwardly congratulated myself upon the success of my stratagem.

One day, as I sat in the pleasant, sunlit parlor, chatting gaily with my new "flame," I noticed a very beautiful ring that she wore, and begged for a closer inspection. It was a rare emerald, surrounded by a row of brilliant diamonds, a combination I always admired. She at once slipped it off, and handed it to me, smilingly remarking that it was a birthday gift from a favorite cousin.

"Ah!" I replied; "cousins are serious things sometimes, Miss Jennie, especially when they happen to be gentlemen."

She blushed, and candidly replied:

"To tell the honest truth, Mr. Hammond, it is a gentleman cousin, and a very dear one, too; so dear, that six months from this very day, I intend to change my name for his. There! is my confession a very great surprise, sir?"

I acknowledged that it was not, as, from several remarks she had made, I had already concluded that she was engaged, and said, in conclusion: "Although I am not fortunate enough to be able so claim a cousinship, I should be much pleased to replace your ring with a wish."

Silently she extended her hand, and, taking it, I was about to slip the ring upon her finger, when a slight rustle caused me to raise my eyes, and there, in the doorway that connected the parlor with the library, stood Annie Sheldon, looking at us with a mingled expression of grief, contempt, and astonishment. The next instant she turned and, with a gesture of infinite scorn, swept away, and directly I heard the hall door close after her.

This was an event I had not anticipated, and I knew that as Annie had seen me in the very act of placing a ring on her supposed rival's finger, she would at once infer, and naturally enough, too, that it was the seal of our engagement.

This knowledge made me very uneasy, and I tried various excuses to free myself from my companion, and finally succeeded. I hurried through the hall, and entered the fragrant little garden.

I glanced hastily around, but could see no trace of Annie; and then suddenly I remembered a favorite haunt of hers—a rustic bench at the foot of a sturdy oak, from which the ground sloped gradually to the river's bank below. So I hastened in that direction.

But I saw nothing of her until I came in sight of her favorite resort; and there, as I had surmised, she sat; but her face was buried in her hands, while her whole attitude betokened the deepest grief.

I crept softly to her side, and then, by her low, suppressed sobs, I knew that she was weeping; and ah! how I reproached myself then for my cruelty!

Tenderly I threw my arms around her, and said, as quietly as my excitement would allow me:

"What is the matter, Annie, my darling? Will you not let me comfort you?"

She started at my touch, and the accompanying sound of my voice, but did not raise her head; and I continued:

"Won't you tell me? Annie! won't you give me the *right* to share your grief?" I cried, passionately.

Thrusting me from her, she started to her feet, and, drawing herself to her full height, exclaimed, angrily, although the bright tears yet sparkled in her eyes:

"Is it that you wish to insult me, Mr. Hammond, that *you*, the accepted lover of another, speak such words to me? Or have you followed me only to reproach me for being a listener to your love-making; if the latter, I can assure you it was entirely unintentional;" and her lips curled.

"Far from it," I cried, hastily. "I am here to tell you that I love, adore you, and to ask you to give me this precious little hand, to be my own forever?" And I pressed it to my lips.

But she snatched it away, laughing scornfully, and, I thought, rather hysterically, as she replied:

"I am not one to be satisfied with second love, Mr. Hammond; I must be first, or nothing; but, even were I content to take a secondary place, what would Miss Benson think of my acceptance of her recreant lover?"

"Miss Benson! she is nothing to me, and never will be; and more than that, she is already engaged. My darling, it is you I love, and you only will I wed."

Still she hesitated, and said, doubtingly:

"But what did you mean by giving her a ring? For you did—I saw you!"

But I laughed gaily, and, boldly drawing her yielding form to my side, replied:

"All that I can explain to your entire satisfaction, fair lady mine, if you will say just once, 'I love you, Paul, and will marry you!'" And I prisoned her face between my hands.

She struggled an instant, and then, finding resistance useless, pouted:

"Well, then, I love you, torment, and so I suppose I shall marry you some day. And now tell me about that ring; but, remember, sir, if your explanation is not satisfactory, I withdraw my consent."

So I acknowledged my deceit; and that I finally convinced her of my fealty to herself no one would doubt who could see us at this moment in our own happy home, while, as I write, she leans over my shoulder, and laughingly says that "she is pleased to see that, at last, I am willing to confess what a deceitful creature I was, although she trusts that, under her careful teaching, I have since improved vastly in that respect."

And I think so too, dear reader, for, in our cheerful, cosy little home, I have now no reason to wish to "cure a coquette."

MAKE before you spend; save that you may be able to give work; work, that you may have the wherewithal to bestow and bless. These are good rules for all, and any departure from them is attended by evil consequences.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FURNITURE.

Young housekeepers do not always understand the theory of the chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury are water, oils, alcohols, and acids.

Acids act on marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of lime; that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now, the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it, and take its place when brought in contact with it, thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving nitrate of lime, or muriate of lime, or sulphate, or acetate of lime, as the case may be, in the form of a white powder, in its place. But oils, alcohols, and water produce no effect on marble.

All varnished or polished surfaces of wood, on the other hand, while not injured usually by acids, are attacked by alcohol. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the materials in alcohol so as to liquify them; and then, when they are applied, the alcohol evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin, even coating over the surface. If, now, any alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be alcohol itself, as used for lamps, or spirits of any kind, or even wine, which contains but a small percentage of alcohol, a portion of it is dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed.

Oils will not attack either marble or varnished surfaces, and will do no injury except to naked wood, or other porous substances, which admit them into the pores, from which they cannot afterwards be easily expelled.

Water affects no substances except such as have open pores exposed—in which case it enters, and causes the substances to swell; or such as are soluble in water, as glue in joints, and mucilage or gum Arabic, used sometimes for attaching superficial ornaments to fancy work.

EMPLOYMENT is to man what oil is to machinery; it makes the wheels of existence run smoothly.

Stars and Meteors.

At certain seasons meteors dart across the firmament between the earth and the fixed stars. But they quickly vanish, while the fixed stars remain. In the medical firmament, the great vegetable invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has long been a *fixed star of the first magnitude*. Little meteors, in the shape of imitations, bearing various names, now and then attempt a glimmering competition with it, but they soon disappear from the field of vision, leaving the glory of the *true remedy* unimpaired. The number of these will-o'-the-wisps that have come to grief within the last twenty years is beyond computation, and those now in existence are in the last agonies of extinguishment. The standard tonic and alterative, that cures and prevents so many distressing diseases, and which no debilitated invalid ever took without receiving a wonderful accession of strength and vitality, only derives increased popularity from the attempts of charlatans to run their failures in the Hostetter groove.

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
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Saturday Evening, June 20, 1874.

THE WOODS IN JUNE.

Who would not leave the crowded city, with its eternal dust and din, brick walls and sooty atmosphere, busy pave and blinding heat, for a ramble in the cool and quiet woods? How delicious to stroll along under the shade of trees, covered with bright green, when the summer sun is throwing his quivering rays through the leaves, robing them in all their beauty. The sound of a tinkling rill crossing your path falls gratefully upon the ear—

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Poetical quotations and associations come tumbling and rushing upon you, and you get into a day-dream, and gaze upon the blue snatches of sky through artless breaks in the foliage, and upon the "half-excluded light which sleeps in patches upon the shadowy verdure below." June is in all her glory; the woods clad in all their heaven-born drapery; dense masses of foliage; trailing brambles and creeping vines meet above your head, and here at your feet the sun's rays stream down upon a glittering patch of green. The song of the birds peal through the air, and the distant lowing of cattle sounds kindly to the ear, like the voice of friendship, gladdening all under its influence; and thus you may wander on in your happy June ramble unconscious of the rapidity with which the hours are passing away, and with but little sense of fatigue, possessed by that mysterious influence of nature which fills the earth with gladness, and shows us with what marvelous beauty the hand of God has clothed the land.

ON CONSULTING YOUR WIFE.

BY H. P.

It is very much the fashion of late years for moralists and newspaper editors to advise their readers to consult their wives in all important matters of business. No doubt it is often of very great benefit for three reasons. 1. The wife really may be a woman of good strong sense. 2. The talking over a matter enables the husband himself to think more clearly and fully upon it. And 3. You may want a good excuse for being mean and selfish in a matter in which you ought to be fair and generous, and your wife can easily be led to oppose any project which might result in the lessening of your income.

But, on the other hand, there are many cases in which I should advise every man not to consult his wife upon business matters; and, as a general rule, I am disposed to agree with the spirit of certain remarks made by the famous French writer, Volney—certainly a sufficiently liberal person in his way.

M. Volney, in his "*View of the United States*," contrasts the character of the French settlers of Canada with that of the British and American settlers, and says:—

"The American settler, slow and silent, does not rise very early, but when he has once risen, he spends the whole day in an uninterrupted series of useful labors."—Volney depicts him as consulting no one, rising silently from the breakfast table and giving his orders, doing what he thinks best to do, working constantly and uninterruptedly at the securing of an independence—his wife taking the cue from him, and seconding all his efforts in the same silent but persistent manner. He does not discuss with her about his business; she does not worry him about hers—but both do what their hands find to do, without many words, but with all their might.

"The French settler, on the contrary," says Volney, "rises early in the morning, if it be only to talk about it. He consults his wife on what he shall do, and listens to her advice. It would be a miracle if they were always of the same opinion; the wife argues, opposes, disputes; the husband insists upon or yields the point, is irritated or disheartened. Sometimes his house becomes irksome to him, and he takes his gun, goes a shooting or a journey, or to chat with his neighbors. At other times he stays at home, and spends the time in talking with good humor, or in quarreling and scolding."

And Volney thus concludes: "The more I reflect upon the subject, the more I am persuaded that the domestic silence of the Americans is one of the most radical causes of their industry, activity and success in agriculture, commerce and the arts; and the same applies to the English, Dutch, and other people of the North from whom they are descended. In silence they concentrate their ideas, and have leisure to combine them, and make accurate calculations of their expenses and returns. They acquire more clearness in their thoughts, and consequently in their expressions. Hence there is more decision in their conduct, both public and private, and it is more to the point. On the contrary, the Frenchman, with his perpetual domestic chattering, evaporates his ideas, submits them to contradiction, excites around him the tattling of women, backbiting, and quarrels with his neighbors; and finds at length he has squandered away his time, without any benefit to himself or his family."

So for Volney—and I think there is a great deal of good sense in what he says. Talk sometimes increases our ideas, but it nearly always dissipates, more or less, our energy and resolution. The friend who in your misfortune sympathizes a great deal with you in fervent words, so far eases his mind in that way that he feels quite relieved as to the necessity of *doing* anything. It is the man who has little to say who generally may most be depended upon when a friend in need is wanted.

We are told that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety—and we are also told, and I think it is the truer saying, that in a multitude of counsellors is confusion. In the quiet of the thoughtful mind, the solidity and weight of opposing reasons is better tested than in the midst of tattle from this one and from that.

A man's wife may be an uncommonly sensible woman—there is one such, the proverb says, and every man has her—and in such a case he will do well perhaps to consult her on all important occasions. But, as a general rule, if he is not competent to do business, he had better give it up on his own account, and adopt the position of a subordinate; and if he is competent, he had better keep his affairs to himself. If he is a wise man, he does not wish to be bothered with the details of his wife's domestic arrangements; and, if she is a wise woman, she does not wish to be troubled with his out-of-door concerns. Sufficient to each is the worry thereof.

SAVED FROM THE EVIL TO COME.

BY G. A. F.

"Give him to me, heavenly Father! Have mercy! Pity my loneliness, and give him to me! My all—my only one!" Mrs. Ashton prayed on, repeating again the cry, "Give him to me!" She could not say, "Thy will, not mine, be done!" No; she could only plead for the one great boon, his precious life.

He was her all—"The widow's son." As she still knelt beside him, the look of suffering passed away: the painful breathing ceased: he sank into a sweet, refreshing sleep. The mother felt that new life was given him—he would still be hers.

Her prayer was granted. He grew rapidly in strength. Soon her pride, her darling, raised as it were from the dead, was again making the house merry with his infant glee.

Years passed on, Herbert's will growing stronger; his more and more exacting nature at times forcing a feeling of uneasiness in his mother's heart. Yet she would seek to drive it hence with the more cheering thought, "He will grow more considerate and manly in a few years."

Gifted with the brightest talents, he mastered with perfect ease his various studies at school. The proud, fond mother pictured to herself his brilliant career in the future. "But no; he would not strive for fortune or fame. There was no need of his slaving for a living. His mother had means abundant," he said.

Time rolled on. In his early manhood he won the heart of a beautiful girl. Carefully had Mrs. Ashton concealed his many faults, that any other than a mother might have termed vices.

"Rose will win him from such. He loves her so truly, and she is so charming, he cannot resist her efforts," the fond mother murmured.

Rose's low, sweet voice was whispering in her ear, "Oh, what a happy girl! What a happy, happy little family we are, and must always be!"

Weeks rolled by—months, only a few, when the mother felt keenly how terribly mistaken she had been in the course she had pursued with her boy. When gently she remonstrated with him, his cruel, heartless reply pierced to the very quick, the heart already scarred by his many wounds: "Thank yourself for what I am. You have made me so."

Daily she saw the loving, confiding woman—the Rose once blooming so brightly—growing paler; the young life blighted by her son's cruel nature.

His reckless extravagance drew heavily on the mother's once ample means. Worse and worse it grew, until she had nothing left but the merest pittance. From the home of luxury, they went to one where only the strictest economy must reign. But Herbert still dressed elegantly; his cigars were the best; his wines old and pure. Yet he earned no money, the mother knew. How did he obtain them? A great fear entered her heart. Was he a gambler? Oh, if that were all! It came at last—the last drop in the cup of bitterness, which wife and mother both must drain.

Herbert was arrested on a charge of forgery. The last few remaining articles, remembrances of former days, were disposed of, to raise money with which the counsel, one of the ablest lawyers in the country, was obtained. Oh, the agony of those days during which the trial was pending—the terrible suspense! At length the case was given to the jury. At home, praying for their loved one, waited the wife and mother, to know the result. Soon it came—conviction—with the terrible sentence, five years' imprisonment. A few days more, and they must bid him adieu.

The day of parting came. Oh, who can describe their anguish? Rose was borne insensible from his cell. With her fond arms clinging about him, the mother exclaimed, "Oh, if I could bear this for you, my boy, my boy! Willingly would I die to save you!"

The miserable man, at length brought to his senses, pressed the trembling form to his bosom, and said with emotion, "I know you would, my mother. Oh, would that I had died in my infancy! Why, why did you pray for my life? You see what a curse it has been to all who love me! Good bye; they call me."

Again she felt his arms about her; and with a wild, despairing cry, she started up, sobbing forth the words, "Why! yes, oh, why?"

She looked about her. The light was dim; but there, before her, as in years long gone, she could see her little Herbert lying ill—dying. She passed her hands again and again across her brow, and then gently on the pale little face beside her. What was it? A dream!—all a dream! Those long years of anxious care and final anguish had been passed only in dream-land.

She had wearily fallen asleep. A blessed sleep it was, through which she had gained a resignation to His will. Then she could, and did, and kneel to pray, "Not mine, but Thy will be done."

Oh, yes; better could she give him back to God in his innocence and purity, and think of him as waiting her coming above, than hold him back to earth, to become, perhaps, as she had dreamed.

A feeble little cry fell upon her ear.

"Mamma, Herbie's well now. Nothing hurts him. Look, look, mamma! Beauty babies call Herbie! Kiss quick, mamma; and say Herbie may go. Say, quick!"

His face was raised, eagerly gazing upward; his tiny hands feebly lifted. Again his eyes sought his mother's with an appealing glance, and she strained her ear to catch his words so low.

"Herbie go, please!"

He seemed only waiting her consent. She caught him to her bosom in a last, long embrace, and with his dear face pressed close to hers, she breathed, only heard by Herbert and God, "Go, my darling."

Again the sweet lips tried to whisper; but only the words, "Mamma—come—awhile," reached his mother's ear, and little Herbert's pure spirit had joined the angels waiting.

She laid the little lifeless form tenderly from her, and her friends wondered how so calmly. They had dreaded so much the parting moment. Yes; calmly she bore it. She knew a more bitter parting might be felt than that which was only for a "little while." She knew it was that which Herbie tried to say, "Mamma will come too, after a little while."

MISTAKES.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

My life is so full of sad mistakes;
To-day I was thinking about them,
And thinking of all that I might have been,
If I had but lived without them.
So often and often my best plan fell,
And left me to doubt and wonder;
So many a time I have started well,
Only to end in a blunder.

And even the work the world calls done,
And praises me for the doing,
I find is full of mistakes and flaws,
And gives me reason for rueing.
Each thing that I do is like the page
Of a hurriedly-written letter—
Full of good thoughts, perhaps, but the blots
Prove that it might be better.

I think I have lived too far from God—
Not that I ever doubt Him,—
Only too sure of my strength, I've tried
To do some things without Him.
And so we shall always make mistakes,
And always our errors be rueing,
Until we reach up for the Guiding Hand,
Whatever we may be doing.

FRED ROCKLAND'S BRIDE.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"Oh, yes, darling; I have no doubt you are quite right; but still it's rather a nuisance, just as I had planned to have you all to myself."

"Now, Fred, that is always the way with you. Ever since we have been engaged you have been frightened if I so much as said a civil word to any other gentleman, and now we are married, you are even jealous of your poor old aunt, who has been like a mother to you all your life. I'm sure I shall love her dearly, and I know that in your heart you think it is right for us to take her home with us," and pretty little Minnie Rockland stole her arm around her husband's neck and held up her lips for a kiss.

"Of course, that's just what I said; it's right and all that, but somehow I think it is queer that Aunt Edith should have written me such a letter. Read it yourself," and he drew a dainty envelope from his pocket.

"'Many wishes for your happiness'—that's not the place. 'Previous engagements will prevent me from attending your wedding, but I will meet you in New York,'—nor that. Oh, here it is: 'I think I may venture to believe that you will be gratified when I tell you that I have concluded to fulfill my old promise, and reside in future with a certain Mr. F. Rockland, so you need not indulge in any more gloomy fears of my loneliness.'"

"I should think not, by Jove! I call that cool—decidedly cool!" and Mr. Rockland sprang up and walked the room impatiently, regardless of the remonstrances of his wife.

Perceiving this, she sat silent till he had once more resumed his seat, and then drawing near a table on which writing materials were placed, she said, "I am going to write to your aunt, Fred, and tell her just how you feel. I am sure it is much more honorable than to have her come where she is to be thought an intruder."

Mr. Rockland's face was a study for a painter at this declaration.

"Write to Aunt Edith!" He actually gasped at the idea. "Why, Minnie, are you crazy. You would break her heart, and make her believe that her boy, as she calls me, cares nothing for her."

"Apparently that is only the truth," answered Minnie, sadly, "and I think she will suffer less to be told so honestly, than to find it out by degrees."

"Now, really Minnie, you are too hard on me. I *am* very fond of auntie. I should be an ungrateful fellow if I were not ('certainly you would,' asserted Mrs. Rockland,) for she has been all the mother I can remember, and I have always told her I should depend on her living with me when I had a home; but somehow I wanted you all to myself, little wife."

Doubtless Mrs. Rockland appreciated the compliment. Most wives of only two days' standing would, but she was a sensible little woman, and well aware of Fred's tendency to jealousy, so she only answered with a saucy little smile, and dexterously led him on to recount various instances of his aunt's love and devotion, till he worked himself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that he exclaimed, "I know you'll like her, Minnie, and we'll do all we can to make her happy, won't we?"

"That we will," rejoined Minnie, heartily. "You seem like my own dear Fred again now," she added, "and——

A knock interrupted her at this moment.

"A lady in the parlor, sir, inquiring for Mr. Rockland. She did not send up her card, but told me to say that your aunt would like to see you," answered the servant.

"Aunt Edith already!" exclaimed Fred. "I will run down and bring her up here, Minnie. You won't want to meet her in the public parlor."

"I hope I *shall* like her," soliloquized the little bride. "Old ladies are apt to be precise and fussy in their ways. By-the-by, I wonder if she is very old. I never thought to ask Fred."

"Minnie, dear, here is Aunt Edith," cried Fried, as he opened the door.

Minnie could scarcely repress an exclamation of astonishment. *That* the venerable relative she had imagined! The lady who stood before her might possibly have seen thirty-five years, assuredly no more. She hardly looked older than Fred himself, and, as Minnie hastily decided, was the most lovely woman she had ever seen.

Very cordial were the greetings between the two ladies. Each sincerely loved Fred, and each was determined to like the other if possible. In truth, it seemed no difficult task, for Minnie's delicate beauty made her perhaps quite as attractive as the more brilliant and stately Edith.

Fred sat looking from one to the other, well pleased with the evident mutual admiration.

"Now, auntie, you must stay here as long as we do," he said. "I selected this as the most retired hotel in the city, and thought we could do a little quiet sight-seeing for a few days before starting for the Lakes."

"Will you not go with us to the Lakes, Aunt Edith?" asked Minnie, unheeding the warning glance of her liege lord.

"Thank you," answered Aunt Edith, while an amused smile flitted over her face, as she noticed and understood Fred's look. "I hardly think that will be best."

"Well, then, where shall we take you upon our return," persisted Minnie. "You know you have promised to live with us."

"We will settle it all before you leave," answered the elder lady, while Fred added, rather hastily, "Yes, yes, there's time enough to settle that."

They were now summoned to dinner, and Fred escorted his wife and aunt to the dining-saloon. Nearly opposite to them at the table sat a fine looking gentleman, whose eyes wandered towards Fred's fair companions much more frequently than that jealous gentleman fancied.

"Confound his impudence!" he muttered, "What business has he to stare so at Minnie," and he hurried the ladies away as speedily as possible.

"Let us go out and see some of the sights," he proposed, soon after dinner.

"Very well," responded Minnie. "I am willing, if Aunt Edith is."

"You and Fred go without me," replied that lady. "I am somewhat fatigued, and would like to rest awhile."

So it was settled, and Minnie was arranging her curls under her hat, when the waiter again knocked. On Fred's opening the door he handed him a small package.

"Mrs. F. Rockland," said Fred, looking at the address. "Why, Minnie, I did not know you had any acquaintance in the city."

"Nor have I," she replied, opening the package. It contained a jewel-case, on the velvet lining of which reposed a costly and elegant locket.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Minnie. "Who could have sent it?" and she eagerly pressed the spring. The case flew open, disclosing the photograph of a strikingly handsome man, and Fred instantly recognized his *vis-a-vis* at the dinner-table.

"Who is this, Minnie?" he demanded, as he snatched the locket from her hand.

"I do not know. Indeed, I have never seen him," she answered, wonderingly.

Somewhat reassured by her evident ignorance, Fred resumed, in milder tones, "Possibly there is some mistake, though it seems highly improbable that there should be another bearing the same name in the hotel. I will go to the office and inquire," and he left the room, package in hand.

Aunt Edith had quitted the apartment just before the servant's entrance, and Minnie stood alone, pondering upon what she could do to cure Fred of his foolish suspicions.

"I do think that is the only fault he has," she murmured, "so I must try to bear with it, if I cannot convince him how needless it is."

Fred soon returned. The clerk at the office only knew that a lad, apparently an errand boy from some shop, had left the package; probably he had made some mistake, and would call again, so Fred had left the case with the clerk.

Evidently Mr. Rockland was not quite at ease, but Aunt Edith entering, no more was said, and the husband and wife started on their tour of observation.

As they descended the broad stairs, Fred thought he caught a glimpse of the original of the photograph in the locket, crossing the hall below them, but though he followed quickly, the stranger had disappeared.

"I wil meet him yet," he muttered.

"What did you say, dear?" asked Minnie.

"Nothing," was the somewhat savage reply.

It must be confessed that Minnie did not enjoy that afternoon very highly, even though she beheld the beauties of Central Park for the first time. Fred was gloomy and taciturn, and she experienced a feeling of relief when she found herself once more at the hotel.

Aunt Edith's cheerful greeting drove the shadow somewhat from Fred's brow, and the evening seemed likely to be a pleasant one, when the waiter announced, "A gentleman to see Mrs. Rockland."

"Show him up," growled Fred.

"Who can it be?" exclaimed Minnie.

Fred gave an unintelligible grunt, which sounded like, "No doubt you know," but Minnie did not hear him.

The door opened, and the oft-mentioned stranger stood before them.

Fred striving to repress his anger, arose and bowed stiffly.

"To what do we owe this visit?" he commenced, but was interrupted by his visitor, who, with a smile, said, "I am search of my wife, sir!"

"Your wife!" shrieked Fred, in tones of horror. "*Your wife!* Oh, Minnie!" and he rushed round the room like a madman.

"Fred, Fred, be quiet!" begged poor little Minnie, in great distress. "There is some mistake."

"So you said when he sent you his picture," yelled Fred. "No, no, madam, there is no use in trying to deceive me further; I understand it all."

"Excuse me for saying that I don't think you understand it at all," cried Aunt Edith, coming to the rescue.

"This gentleman," she continued, turning towards the stranger, "is my husband, and your uncle and namesake, Frederick Rockland, Senior, and, therefore, he has a perfect right to come here for his wife—meaning me, not Minnie."

"My uncle! Your husband!" gasped the bewildered young man.

"Yes; your Uncle Fred, you ungrateful fellow," laughed that gentleman. "I went to California nearly twenty years ago, because, when your mother died, your Aunt Edith, who though only sixteen, was then engaged to me, declared her intention of devoting herself to you, then a youngster of three years old, and I, foolish boy that I was, rashly concluded if I couldn't have her all to myself, I wouldn't have her at all. But I have grown wiser with years, as I dare say you will," with a shrewd glance at Fred's sheepish face, "and came back a few months ago to find that my Edith had forgiven, but never forgotten me, and that my brave namesake had deserted her for a younger—you will excuse me, if under the circumstances, I do not say a *fairer* lady," with a courteous bow to Minnie. "So I persuaded her that twenty years was enough for us to have lost, and we were married last week."

"Let me tell the rest," interposed Aunt Edith. "I persuaded your uncle not to make his return known to you until your arrival here, and to let me come to you alone this morning, because, dear Fred," she said, laying her hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, "I wished to see just how you and your wife would greet me, if you believed I was to be dependent upon you for the rest of my days. I am deeply grateful to you both for the cordial welcome I received."

"I can't stand that, auntie," Fred burst out impetuously. "I wasn't half glad that you were coming. I was a selfish brute, and wanted Minnie all to myself; but she taught me better, and—and I'll try to do right, Minnie," he stammered, realizing how foolish he had behaved.

"I have no doubt you will, my dear boy," said his uncle, "and now what is this that you said about a locket? I must go to the office and claim it for 'Mrs. F. Rockland,'" he added, with a comical look at the ladies. "It has occasioned much of this trouble. I did not tell the jeweller to send it here, but merely gave my address to insure its safety. However, 'all's well that ends well,' and I dare say," suiting the action to the word, "that I may even give my new niece a kiss without arousing your jealousy."

THE WHITE HORSES OF ADUCHT.

A Legend of the Rhine.

BY CHESTER LINCOLN.

In the year 1440 a great pestilence raged throughout Germany, carrying death and desolation into many households. The beautiful lady Richmodis, the loving and beloved wife of the noble Count Mengis von der Aducht, during the absence of her husband, after a brief illness, apparently fell a victim to the prevailing scourge. The grief of the husband, on his return, was beyond comfort or consolation; for him happiness had forever departed.

Refusing all aid, with his own hands he prepared her for the narrow house appointed for all living, draping and decking the form in the costly robes and rare jewels with which he had loved to see her adorned in life. With only one desire in his heart, that he might ere long sleep in eternal silence by her side, himself placed her in the tomb, and with bitter tears slowly returned to his now desolate home.

In the darkness of the night following, the wicked and sacrilegious attendants of the chapel, who had observed with covetous eyes the rich ornaments with which the count had adorned the body of his beloved, opened the vault and rudely broke the coffin. The shock awoke the fair lady from her death-like swoon, and suddenly she raised herself and gazed about her.

Stricken with terror, the affrighted sextons fled, dropping their lanterns in their guilty haste.

Recovering by degrees, and recognizing where she was, the lady Richmodis loudly cried for help; but the echo of her own voice was the only response; no one could hear. With trembling hands she grasped a still burning taper, dropped by the guilty attendants in their hurried flight, and tottered shivering towards the castle, where her husband was bemoaning his loss. It was late at night when she reached the door, and, almost breathless, she knocked repeatedly ere response was given.

At last a window opened, and the voice of the count demanded who was there.

"Open, I pray thee, husband; 'tis your loving wife, who has just awakened from the sleep of the tomb; and oh, descend quickly, for I am chilled with cold and exhausted by terror."

Sadly he replied:

"My love is in the grave, where there is no awakening."

Again and more loudly did the unhappy lady call to him; and he thinking it a trick put upon him by some low enemy, in great wrath answered her:

"Begone. Thou art indeed a villain thus to mock my grief. Before I believe thy tale and open my door, I will see my two white horses mount the staircase and gaze down on thee from the window above——"

The wretched Richmodis gave a glance toward heaven and sinking to the ground, with trembling lips murmured, "Lord help me in my misery."

And now there came a strange, loud tramping in the house, and Count Mengis, filled with dismay, beheld his horses ascending the stone staircase and neighing as they passed him, soon appeared at the window above and looked down from it into the street below.

No longer doubting, yet not without fear, he hastily descended, opened the door and beheld his beloved wife Richmodis, clad in the vestments of the tomb. He embraced her in an ecstasy of untold happiness.

She whom he had laid in the coffin seemingly cold in death, was now in his arms in the warmth of life.

Day came and tidings of the miracle spread; the people assembled in great numbers and stood gazing in astonishment at the sight of the two white horses looking down from the highest window of the castle.

For many years the count and his wife lived in perfect harmony, and in remembrance of the wonderful event he caused to be erected statues of the two horses.

And to this day in the house of the Aduchts on the Newmarket in Cologne, they may be seen, looking down from the same window from which the live horses once looked out.

IF IT ONLY WERE SO.

In children's story books, as we have noticed, virtue is always rewarded, so to speak, on the nail, and self-sacrifice is immediately atoned for by some great and astonishing good fortune. When little George confesses to the destruction of his grandfather's tree, the old gentleman praises him for abstaining from falsehood, instead of punishing him for not abstaining from exercising his hatchet. When Rosamond gives her little sister her old doll, some fairy godmother immediately purchases for Rosamond a large wax doll that can open and shut its eyes. And when Peter won't steal an apple, and talks about his virtue aloud to himself, the old man of the orchard pops over the wall, and presents him with a hat full, and a complimentary address.

How differently the world really wags with the big Georges, and Rosamonds, and Peters! Chop anybody's trees down, metaphorically speaking, and so ruin a cherry crop, and "confession" will bring nothing but extra punishment. Give up your toy, whatever it may be, and your reward must be the satisfaction of its new possessor.

Don't steal anything, from a penny to a heart, or somebody else's invention, and people will never think of complimenting you for it. Story-book poetical justice is never realized in the real stories of after life; and one's own easy conscience is all the payment to be expected for self-sacrifice, generosity, truthfulness, and honesty. It is a great reward, of course; but sometimes we can but wish that fairy godmothers could come down our chimneys, and pay us in their substantial coin of diamonds, castles, and princely lovers, for being very, very, very good.

COLOR OF THE EYES.—That the color of the eyes should affect their strength, may seem strange, yet that such is the case needs not at this time of day to be proved; and those whose eyes are brown or dark-colored should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury, from various causes, than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful; the next to those are grey. The lighter the pupil, the greater tension the eye can sustain.

HEALTH is another word for temperance and exercise.

News of Interest

FORTY-FIVE is the average weekly number of deaths in London streets.

DUMB PIANOS have been specially invented for young ladies to practice upon.

A WHOLE salmon may be bought for 25 cents in some of the cities on the Pacific coast.

AS a matter of history, it may be curious to note that the corner-stone of the Washington Monument was laid on the 4th of July, 1848.

In the North of England "crack" is a gossiping conversation; for example, "Come th' ways in, an' let's hev a bit of a crack." The plural "cracks" means "news."

ACCORDING to the last German Army List, the German army numbers now 1,323,940 men, with 2740 cannons. The field forces 243,540, and the garrison troops 375,700 men.

THE *London Times* recently contained the following announcement: "St. Helena, Longwood House, formerly the residence of the Emperor Napoleon, to be let for a term of years."

A FINE of £32 has been inflicted on a milkman in Ireland for mixing water with his milk. This is the heaviest fine that has been yet enforced under the Adulteration of Food Act.

ENGLAND raises 110,000,000 tons of coal annually; exports 10,000,000 and uses the residue to fire 100,000 steam boilers, etc. The lifting power of the product is 190,212,000 millions pounds.

THE Czar of Russia has signalized his visit to England by having a formal announcement made that all the Poles now in exile everywhere are at perfect liberty to return to their native land.

IT is not generally known that the good custom of keeping birthdays is many thousand years old. It is recorded, in the 40th chapter of Genesis and 20th verse, "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

ACCORDING to the census of 1870, the whole population of the United States was 38,558,371, of whom 32,991,142 were native born, and 5,567,229 of foreign birth. Of the native born, 10,892,015 had one or both parents of foreign birth, and of these 9,734,845 had both parents of foreign birth.

IT is a common practice in Paris to bring children afflicted with the whooping-cough to the gas-houses to respire the air there. Dr. Massola has shown that it is the infusoria in the atmosphere that causes the paroxysm, and by taking prepared carbolic acid jujubes, the spasms in the second stage of the cough are completely allayed.

THE chief native industry of Jerusalem is the manufacture of soap and what is called "Jerusalem ware," consisting of chaplets, crucifixes, beads, crosses, and the like, made principally of mother-of-pearl and olive-wood, and sold to the pilgrims who annually resort to the Holy City to the number of from six to eight thousand.

THE *London Times*, in its arrangements for the rapid, safe and cheap transmission of news, has lately chartered a private wire between Paris and London, including a cable across the English channel. The rental and working of this wire costs $1250 gold per month. It will be used exclusively for the *Times'* correspondence.

IN Switzerland there is a law, it is said, which compels every married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child. They are planted on commons and near the roads, and being mostly fruit trees are both useful and ornamental. The number planted amounts to ten thousand annually.

AT the last reception by Queen Victoria, in London, the number of people to be presented was enormous, and the crush is described as having been most disastrous to dresses. One sufferer writes to the *Times* that it took him and two ladies under his charge exactly five hours and three-quarters to make his way into the royal presence, bow, and then make his way out again. No refreshments were provided, and many ladies who underwent the social martyrdom were laid up for several days afterwards.

AN extraordinary scene occurred in a church at Dukinfield, England, recently. At the close of the sermon a man named Revill rose from his place, rushed through the church to the communion rails, over which he jumped, and seized the curate, who was sitting near. He then proceeded to get the curate in a corner, and pummelled him most unmercifully. He tore his surplice off and smashed his spectacles. After a great deal of persuasion he left the curate, and went with his wife out of the church. It is understood that Revill was some little time ago confined in a lunatic asylum.

THE making of what is claimed as the largest and most powerful steam hammer in the world has just been completed at Woolwich, England. It is described as a thirty-ton hammer, but its falling power is really within a few pounds of forty tons. To increase its striking force, steam is brought into use to drive it down from the top, and by the use of this additional impetus—viz., "top steam"—it is equivalent to allowing this ponderous mass to fall of its own weight a distance of eighty feet. It has not yet been determined what may be the actual force of a blow that it may strike. It has to be fed by several furnaces, one of which is large enough to make a comfortable dwelling-house, and an omnibus might be driven in at the doorway; the door alone weighs seven tons. The noise created by the steam blast, when the hammer is at work, can be heard a distance of some two or three miles.

THE old story of Sir Walter Raleigh covering the ground with his mantle, that Queen Elizabeth might not soil her feet, finds a modern counterpart in a recent occurrence in Berlin. It appears that the Crown Prince of Prussia and his little wife, the English Princess, were unduly late in their arrival at the gala-dinner given to the King and Queen of Saxony during their recent visit to the Prussian Court, and through some misunderstanding the carpet leading from the carriage-way to the castle door had been removed by the servants. It was a wet, disagreeable day, the pavement was sloppy, and the little Princess was in full dress, with voluminous train, and feet shod in slippers. With an impulse of chivalry, worthy of the sixteenth century, the Prince threw off his wrap, and spread it on the walk for the Princess to tread upon. She, poor little practical body, spoiled the poetry of the incident by a base-born instinct of economy, and entreated the Prince not to profane his garment by contact with the mire and conversion into a carpet. But the Prince was true to the demands of the situation, and gallantly conducted his wife in safety over the bridge he had improvised.

DEAD VIOLETS.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

Let them lie—ah, let them lie!
Flocked flowers—dead to-morrow;
Lift the lid up quietly,
As you'd lift the mystery
Of a buried sorrow.

Let them lie—the fragrant things,
All their souls thus giving;
Let no breeze's ambient wings,
And no useless water-springs,
Mock them into living.

They have lived—they live no more;
Nothing can requite them
For the gentle life they bore,
Which to up-yield in full store
It did so delight them.

Yes, I ween, flower-curses fair!
'Twas a joyful yielding;
Like some soul heroic, rare,
That leaps boldly forth in air,
For its loved one's shielding.

Surely, ye were glad to die
In the hand that slew ye;
Glad to leave the open sky,
And the airs that wandered by,
And the bees that knew ye;

Giving up a small earth-place,
And a day of blooming,
Here to lie in narrow space,
Smiling in this soulless face
With such sweet perfuming.

Oh, ye little violets, dead!
Cast not from all gazes,
We will also smile, and shed
Out of heart-flowers withered
Perfume of sweet praises.

And as ye, for this poor sake,
Love with life are buying,
So, I doubt not, One will make
All our gathered flowers to take
Richer scent through dying.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

JASPER ONSLOW'S HOUSE WARMING.

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? Oh, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
—*Shakespeare.*

Yes, Doris Carlyon, in the full flush and pride of her smiling beauty; and at the sound of her voice and the sight of her face all Jasper Onslow's stoicism concerning her went to the winds, and his love came back to him in all its delirious madness.

He had said to himself a thousand times, in the seclusion and drudgery of his Limehouse life, that his bitter experience had cured him—that he had no more feeling for the mistress of Kingcolm Grange than for any other beautiful woman in the world. He pictured himself some day meeting her, and seeing her without a thrill, happy in Muriel's devotion and his own strength of purpose to do right, and forget the past that had so nearly been his ruin.

Since his accession to his cousin's wealth, and his entrance once more into the world in which she moved, he had thought less of Doris. Other cares and other occupations had put her out of his head, and if he thought of her at all, it was with a feeling of pardonable pride in his position.

Her sudden advent from Mexico to claim the fortune and estates which her father had held for so short a time was regarded as strange, in spite of the credentials she brought with her, and the somewhat free and easy life led at the Grange; and her own independent, careless way of going about when she showed herself in town gave plenty of food for gossip and scandal, and she was by no means spared.

She held her own in society, and forced people to admire her eastern style of beauty, and her indolent luxurious manners. Mothers shook their heads over her "foreign ways" and general delinquencies, while they envied her her jewels and equipages; and their daughters copied her dresses and sighed with chagrin when they found that though the dresses were identical the effect was not, and that, do what they would, they could not look like Doris Carlyon.

She was looking her loveliest when she stood before Jasper Onslow in the midst of his triumph, and made his heart leap as it had never leaped before by her sudden address. The sight of her made the place and its surroundings—his guests, the light, the music, the stately woman by his side—fade away into dim obscurity, and he was once more in the studio at Kingcolm Grange hard at work, with a dazzling vision by his side, whose radiance he strove in vain to reproduce on his canvas.

The vision was before him again, bewildering his senses and turning his brain, for Doris had taken a fancy to dress herself precisely as she had dressed for the painting of that memorable picture. She wore the trailing white satin with the creamy tinge on it that made it look so beautifully soft and rich, and the knotted crimson scarf and the red flowers in her hair. Quite out of fashion the costume was; there was no load of trimming or distended pouff, and though many a lady pouted her lips and muttered that "such eccentricity was bad taste," &c., there was not one there but would have given the value of her costly dress to have looked half as well in it as the Mexican heiress did in her *bizarre* and somewhat theatrical costume.

Jasper Onslow looked at her—a fair, gentle vision, with no scorn on her pouting, ruby lips, no evil light in her soft dark eyes—and he felt a wild desire to clasp her in his arms, and lay rapturous kisses on her mouth and cheeks; but in a moment he had recovered himself.

One glance at Muriel standing there so calm and stately, with a smile of welcome on her lips, but a keen glance in her eyes at his face, sufficed to make him crush back a few passionate words of welcome that rose to his lips, and receive Doris only as one of the ordinary guests.

"I am so glad to come," she said, somewhat eagerly, "to have the chance of telling you how heartily I congratulate you on what has happened."

She put out her hand as she spoke, and he was obliged to take it; but it was with a loose and cool clasp, and she withdrew it with a sudden pained gesture.

"Thank you, Miss Carlyon," he replied, very coldly. "We are very glad to see you at Stafford House."

"We!" and he glanced at Muriel as he spoke, as if to show they were one in everything.

"Has he forgotten his fancy for me, I wonder," Doris thought. "I'll make him remember it, and that before I leave this place. Auntie dear," she added aloud, "I'm going to make Mr. Onslow take me around these lovely rooms—that is if he will, and can be spared. Will you come with us, or will you stay with Mrs. Onslow?"

"Oh, I'll stay with Muriel, if she'll have me," replied the old lady, who looked like a fat little duchess in her black velvet and point lace. "I beg your pardon, my dear. I should say Mrs. Onslow, but I can't forget old times."

"Nor I either," Muriel said, kindly, making room for Mrs. Bellew to sit by her. "You were always kind to me, and I am glad to have you here. Pray go with Miss Carlyon, Jasper—that is, if the gentlemen can spare you."

None of the gentlemen were so rude as to say a word against their host being taken possession of by such a lovely person as Miss Carlyon, and he offered his arm to make the tour of the rooms, Doris feeling somewhat baffled by his stiffness and Muriel's perfect composure and frankness, yet remaining true to her purposes still.

They walked a minute or two in silence, and then she broke the ice.

"If I can make him talk to me," she said to herself, "my work is half done."

"What a superb house!" she said. "You must not get angry with me for saying so, but it is lovely—all in such perfect taste."

"I was an artist, you know," he replied quietly. "It would be strange if my rooms were not prettily arranged. I thank you for your appreciation of them."

"You take a cold, hard tone to me, Mr. Onslow. I hoped we should meet cordially at least."

"I trust I have not been rude."

"Rude! No! Hardly; but——"

She paused for a moment, as though at a loss for a word, or expecting him to say something; but he was silent, and she went on——

"I hoped you had forgotten and forgiven," she said, in a voice that faltered with emotion. "I am glad to have this chance of speaking to you to-night, to tell you how I have regretted and repented of all that I did in that time. I acted a cruel and unwomanly part to you; but if you only knew——"

She looked at him with beseeching eyes, glistening with tears as she spoke, but there was no response in his face. Nothing there but calm, passionless indifference; though had she but known, she might have felt the wild beating of his heart with the hand that lay so loosely on his arm.

"I beg you will not speak of it, Miss Carlyon," he said, in the same cold tone. "The past is past. I have buried it long ago, and its resuscitation would be uninteresting, to say the least of it."

"Buried it?"

"Yes, as deeply as we always bury dead pains and pleasures. I have no wish to see its ghost."

"I hardly believe you. You were not wont to be a forgetful man."

"I said I had buried the past, not forgotten it. We do not necessarily forget what we bury. It becomes simply non-existent, and we never wish to see it again."

"I am glad you have not forgotten," she said, with almost a sob in her voice. "I wanted to tell you that I hardly knew what mischief I had done, and that there were reasons which——"

"Allow me to take you back to your aunt, Miss Carlyon," was Jasper Onslow's reply. "If I seem rude, pardon me; but I cannot and will not enter on this topic with you. You ruined me body and soul, as I thought then. Had not a ministering angel come to my rescue, I must have died."

"The angel was very near compromising her reputation by the flight she took," Doris said, with a hard little laugh. "Take me back to my aunt by all means, Mr. Onslow, if you are tired of my society. You were quite right. It doesn't do to be sentimental over any past whatever in these matter-of-fact days, does it? I am very glad you have buried what I see I had no business to allude to. I won't offend again, believe me, and we'll be the best of friends for the future."

He led her back to Mrs. Bellew, and she took the old lady off on a tour of inspection, being soon lost in the brilliant crowd that thronged the rooms. Ernest Dormer was talking quietly to Muriel when Jasper came up, and they both regarded him attentively. Not a trace of emotion was on his face—nothing but a pleased smile at the way Muriel seemed to have laid aside the shadow that oppressed her and entered into the spirit of the evening.

"I think you are cured, Onslow," Ernest said. "It's a shame to hint at such a thing in Mrs. Onslow's presence, but she started the subject herself."

"I was cured long ago," he said, gaily turning aside to hide the lie that he feared his eyes might betray. "Here is my physician."

Muriel's eyes met his with a look something akin to the love of the old days at Limehouse. Presently, for a moment, there was a lull in the tide of admiration and greetings that surrounded her, and he found a chance of speaking to her alone.

"You look happier to-night, my Muriel," he said. "Are you enjoying our house warming?"

"Yes," she replied, with a glitter in her eyes and a flush upon her face. "I am. I realize now the worth of our wealth, Jasper."

"I am glad of it, dear. You will let what is past die now, will you not—let our love begin afresh with the ongoing of our new life?"

"Our love—yes, when we can forget."

"We will forget, my darling. We will bury all memories under a load of gold, and live this princely life of pleasure to the end."

"The end! Ah, Jasper, do not talk like that. We must not think of it. Let us live in the present, and for nothing else."

Never in her life had Muriel Onslow looked more radiantly beautiful than now, and he gazed after her as she moved away in answer to some new salutation with pride lighting up his face.

"There's no comparison between them," he said to himself, thinking of Doris. "Now my stately Muriel outshines her old mistress as the sun does the moon. Doris! Doris! Ah, I must see her no more—think of her no more. She is a sorceress, who will draw me from all duty and honor. Honor!" he added, half aloud; "what have I to do with honor? I parted with the last semblance of it when—— Bah! I am a driveling fool! The master of such a home as this should have no cares or regrets."

He turned aside out of the ballroom to the fairylike room where a refreshment buffet was arranged, and astonished the young person in charge thereof by drinking half a tumbler of brandy without diluting it. It was a rare thing for him to do, for he was not a man who drank deeply, and she stared at him in undisguised amazement.

"Do not tell Mrs. Onslow," he said, with a laugh. "She will be frightened. I am not very well."

"Shall I get you anything else, sir?" the girl asked, for he looked so white she was frightened.

"No, thank you; that will set me to rights."

And he went back to the ballroom with the color returned to his face and the light to his eyes. The guests were trooping down stairs to supper, but he did not see Doris Carlyon amongst them.

"She's gone, I suppose," he said to himself. "I hope she has. I hope she will never come again—that we shall never meet again. I will not wrong my patient Muriel—the truest wife that ever man had—not for the brightest and fairest upon earth—not for Doris Carlyon."

All through the elaborate supper, which was served in the most *recherché* style, Jasper Onslow was occupied with guests of importance, and for a while forgot the one whose appearance had caused such a turmoil in his heart. With a duchess on one hand and a countess on the other, and one of the most distinguished men in England for his *vis-a-vis*, he gave himself up to the intoxication of his triumph, and thought no more of Doris.

After supper, when mirth and laughter were brushing all ceremony aside, and round dances were being somewhat breathlessly indulged in, he turned out of the heated room into the dimly-lighted conservatory. A very bower of fairyland it seemed, with its dim lights, its sweet scents, and its rare flowers. A female figure was crouching on a seat at the farther end, and the white dress gleamed in the dim light. He knew the creamy satin and the crimson scarf. It was Doris Carlyon, her slight frame shaken by sobs, and her black hair streaming over her shoulders, who sat there weeping and alone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE MESHES.

Oh, stay! oh, stay!
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh, 'tis pain
To break its links to-morrow. —*Moore.*

Doris Carlyon was a clever, gifted woman—gifted in most things above her sex; and one rare quality she had which many of her friends would have given their right hands almost to possess. She could weep her fill—shed bitter, scalding tears, and look the lovelier for it afterwards.

It was a face all wet with tears that she lifted at the approach of Jasper Onslow, but a face so beautiful in its softened radiance that he could only gaze at it entranced and speechless. Hers were no sham tears—they were wet upon her cheeks; but he had forgotten—if he ever knew—that she could weep, as she smiled, at will, and that tears and smiles were all meaningless and deceptive.

She sprang up in well-acted confusion, and averted her face.

"You here, Mr. Onslow?" she answered. "I thought I was quite alone. Let me pass, please."

"Not till you have told me what is the matter," he said, gently forcing her to sit down again, "and whether I can do anything for you."

"You can do nothing," she answered with a sob, "nor any one else. I am thoroughly ashamed of being caught like this; but one cannot be always gay, you know. Let me go, Mr. Onslow, I am myself again now."

She had shaken back her hair and dried her eyes, and was, as she said, herself once more. But he still barred her exit from the conservatory.

"Not till you have told me what ails you," he said, his blood rising to fever heat, and rushing through his veins with a tumultuous thrill as he looked at her. "Has anything offended you?"

"Nothing."

"Has any one dared to be rude to you? If I thought——"

"Oh, you need not buckle on your armor on my account," she said, with a faint smile. "Your guests, one and all, have been perfectly polite to me, though I know I am looked upon as having a spice of the Bohemian in me. I am foolish, as most of my sex are at times, that is all."

"In what special way to move you to such tears?"

"Oh, don't ask me!"

Her look said, "Ask me, and I will tell you," as plainly as a look could, and he answered it.

"You said none of my guests had offended you, Miss Carlyon," he said, drawing closer to her side. "Did I offend you? Was it what I said to you that affected you like this?"

She made no answer, but bent her head and toyed with the crimson scarf that floated from her waist.

"Was it so?" he repeated. "Did my cold, rude words send this pang to your heart?"

"They did, Jasper Onslow."

She looked him full in the face now, with all the melting tenderness her eyes could assume.

"How sharp a pang they sent there, you must have my heart to know. I came here penitent for the wrong done you years ago, willing to speak my penitence, and hoping to hear you say, 'I forgive you, Doris Carlyon.' You met me with cold scorn, and the indifference that to a woman is worse than the wildest passion, and I—well, I am but a woman, and I came here to weep out my chagrin unseen, as I believed. Now you know what ailed me. I have won the right to pass; let me go, if you please."

"Not till I have spoken," he said, his voice husky with contending emotions. "I quitted you as I did because I dared not do otherwise."

"Dared not?"

"No."

"Oh, Mrs. Onslow, I suppose. Is she a jealous wife? Do you fear her?"

"Fear Muriel! No."

"Some one else, then?"

"No one but myself. I was cold and strange, because——"

He paused a moment to collect words in which to address her, and she smiled softly to herself, and murmured, "Won!" as she saw his working face.

"Because what?" she said, gently, laying her hand upon his arm and making his blood tingle.

"Because I was afraid of myself," he said, rapidly. "Because the sight of you, Miss Carlyon, brought all my mad passion back to me with lightning flash. If I had not laid that restraint of coldness and harshness upon myself, heaven knows what I might not have said or done. Are you a sorceress that you can draw men's souls to you as you have drawn mine?"

"No; only a weak, friendless, most unhappy woman. You thought me cruel in that bygone time. I was cruel, but it was only to be kind. I could not marry you; and when I laughed at you for asking me, and seemed to scorn you most, it was with the bitterness of death in my heart. I prayed to die then as I have often prayed since, but it is only the happy who die, I think. The wretched are left to live out their weary lives as they can."

He took her hand, and she let it lie in his unheeded.

"If I could believe I wronged you then," he murmured.

"In one thing you wronged me; in all else you were right to be bitter and revengeful. I was not all heartless, and I felt the wound of parting as deeply as you did."

"You loved me, then?"

"That is no question to ask me now, Mr. Onslow. Love should never be named by you to any woman save your beautiful wife. Who would ever have thought our Muriel would have made such a very queen as she looks to-night?"

"She is lovely," Jasper said; "but 'tis of yourself I would speak now. Miss Carlyon—Doris—speak to me; tell me, did you, indeed love me in those happy days at Kingcolm. I am mad to ask it—mad to think of it; but seeing you once more has driven me beyond myself, and I feel if I do not speak I shall die."

He was in the toils now; the meshes were around him, and there was no escape.

Doris Carlyon looked him full in the face, and did not take away the hand he was clasping now with passionate fervor.

"Must I speak?" she said. "You had better let me be silent. Let the past be buried, as you so ardently wished just now."

"It won't be buried. It has sprung to life with double strength. Speak to me, Doris; let me hear from your dear lips that you love me, if only for one brief hour."

"With Muriel within earshot maybe, would you have me make such a confession? Ah, Jasper, I must never come here any more—never see your wife again?"

"Not see Muriel! Why not?"

"Is she not your wife? Who knows what I might do in my regret and despair? Kill her, perhaps. My blood caught its heat under tropical skies, and we Mexicans are quick in our frenzy and revenge."

He had his answer in her wild words, and the passionate utterances of his Christian name. She had never called him Jasper before.

"I am answered, I think," he said. "You did love me, Doris."

"I did," she replied, in the same excited tone, "as I never loved any one in this world; but I could not be your wife, and I sent you away—into the arms of another woman, better and worthier than I am," she added, in a tone of weary sadness, that went to his heart to hear.

"Not better nor worthier," he said. "Good and beautiful, but in neither excelling you. I must know one thing more, now that you have told me so much."

"What is it?"

His arm was round her now, and he had drawn her slight form close to his side. She made no resistance, but sat perfectly still in his clasp. He was bewitched—every sense entranced by her dangerous proximity; had Muriel entered the conservatory and stood before him he would not have taken his arm away. But no such catastrophe happened, though it might have been better if it had; an evil is always more easily crushed in the beginning than when it has grown to greater proportions.

"What more did you want me to confess?" asked Doris, finding he hesitated. "Surely I have said enough, and more than enough, to you—a married man. I should never have come here. It was weak, wicked of me, yet I could not stay away."

"I want to know whether your love died when you killed mine, as I believed you had, heaven help me; or did it leave a spark to be fanned into a flame at some future meeting? Doris, speak—did your love survive that wretched parting?"

"Don't ask me. Let me go. It will be better I should say no more."

"You must say more! I must know. Ah, if you knew what it would be to me to know you cherished one spark of regard for me you would speak."

He looked into her eyes for his answer, and she let her head drop upon his shoulder.

"I did, wretch that I am," she said.

"And you love me still?"

"I do, to my misery," she said. "Now, Mr. Onslow, let me go. I have confessed enough for you and your wife to make merry over by and by. You will soon forget me. I shall cross your path no more."

"Forget you!"

His arms were round her as he spoke, and he pressed passionate kisses on her lips and cheeks. She freed herself indignantly.

"You are taking a cowardly advantage of what you have forced me to say," she said, angrily. "Let me pass, if you please, and if ever we meet again let this conversation be as though it had never been. You forced me to speak, remember."

"I did, and your words have opened a new heaven to me. Forgive me, I will not offend again; but you and I may be friends, may we not."

"Friends always," she replied, with a smile. "There's my hand on it; but no more of love, it is a dangerous topic always—fatal between you and me."

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it passionately.

"I will only speak of love when you permit me," he said.

"Then you will never do anything so foolish. Think of your wife, sir. And now go away, and let me try and make friends after my folly."

He returned to the ball room, where he found Mrs. Bellew looking everywhere for her niece in a state of tremendous excitement.

"Miss Carlyon is in the conservatory," he said? "I found her there with a bad headache a few minutes ago; but she would take neither sympathy nor remedies. She was so terribly afraid of Mrs. Grundy, that she wouldn't even let me put a cushion under her head, but ordered me off without mercy."

"Doris doesn't think much about Mrs. Grundy in a general way," Mrs. Bellew said; "but I suppose she fancied that bygones might be raked up in your case. No offence, Mr. Onslow, but it's plain to be seen you've got over it all long ago."

"I have, I'm thankful to say," he replied, carelessly.

And as she walked away to seek her niece he turned to look for Muriel. She was dancing with a pleased, happy face, the light flashing from the jewels she wore in a thousand sparkles. As he watched her he became conscious that two gentlemen whom he knew but slightly were watching her too, and talking about her also.

"Are you sure?" he heard one say.

"As certain as that I am standing here," was the reply.

"Then how came these people by it?"

"By what?" Jasper wondered to himself, until a feeling of dread crept over him, he knew not why. "What are they talking about I wonder?"

"It is an old family jewel," the second speaker said. "One which half London will know if this beautiful Mrs. Onslow sports it much in public. I would give anything to know how it came here, and to get it back."

He saw Jasper at the moment and went up to him.

"Mr. Onslow, may I ask you a very rude question?"

"You may ask me any question you like, my lord," he replied, courteously. "You will say nothing rude, I am sure."

"I am sure the world would think it so," the young man replied. He was the son and heir of the Earl of Rochampton, and a fine manly specimen of England's aristocracy. "It is a rude thing to ask questions and make remarks about anything a lady wears, but I am going to do both."

"If my wife is the lady, my Lord, you are pardoned before you speak. I grant you absolution before hand."

"Thank you. When you have learned my reason you will not be angry with me, I think. Will you tell me where Mrs. Onslow got that brooch she is wearing in the front of her dress? Ah, you hesitate; you are displeased, yet I would give much to know."

"I am not displeased, believe me, my lord. I hesitate from two reasons—one is that I do not see my wife at this present moment, and hardly know what jewelry she has on; the other is that I might not be sure if I did. I bought her some, but inherited a good deal from my cousin, and I should have to think."

"It is an antique brooch—a very peculiar pear shaped opal, set round with very pure brilliants. I knew it in a moment."

"Ah, I bought that in Paris, I believe, of an obscure dealer. I was rather taken with the style of it."

"Can you recall the name of the person you bought it of?" asked the young man. "It is an old family jewel, and was once my mother's. My parting with it grieved her sorely."

"Your mother's, my lord?"

"Yes. I knew it at once. To prove that I am not mistaken, if Mrs. Onslow will allow me to look at it I will show her the trick of a spring at the back, which being opened reveals a portrait of myself. That brooch was my mother's dearest treasure."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A BROTHER FROM OVER THE SEA.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
—*Coleridge.*

A turn in the dance brought Muriel, who was dancing with Ernest Dormer, close to her husband. He beckoned her with a look, and she and her partner came up to him.

"Forgive me for spoiling your dance, my dear," he said, "and you, too, Mr. Dormer, but I want you a moment. Lord Daintree wants to look at your brooch."

"At my brooch, Jasper?"

"Yes, dear."

She took it out of her dress with a look of surprise, and put it into his hand. He gave it to the young lord, who without a moment's hesitation touched a spring at the back. A plate in the gold setting flew open, revealing an exquisitely-painted miniature of himself some few years before.

"It is the same," he said; "I thought there could not be two exactly alike. I was afraid I should find the painting gone; but it is intact, I see. Those through whose hands it has passed have not found the secret of the spring."

"Evidently not," Muriel said. "I never guessed it. What is the mystery about this brooch, my lord?"

In a few words Jasper told her how Lord Daintree had recognized it as a family jewel, much prized by his mother.

"I am glad to be the means of restoring it, my lord," she said, gracefully. "How very fortunate my husband should have purchased it, and that I should have worn it to-night."

"Fortunate, indeed. But will you part with it, Mrs. Onslow?"

"Of course I will; it has no association for me. To me it is only a pretty and curious trinket; to you it is a treasure. Let me have the pleasure of restoring it to its rightful owner."

She put it into his hand as she spoke, and something in her manner forbade him to say what was on his lips about repaying Jasper the value of it, though it was considerable. She was pleased to give him pleasure, and he saw it.

"My mother will know how to thank you better than I can," he said. "She shall tell you herself how grateful we both are."

He bowed over the hand she gave him, and turned away with his friend and Ernest Dormer, whom he also knew intimately.

"Mrs. Onslow is a well-bred, lady-like woman," he said, "She knows how to do a pretty thing prettily. She'll be the rage this season."

"I think she's a success," Ernest said. "She's a new style altogether. That's a curious brooch, my lord."

"Yes, isn't it? What are you dreaming about, Leveson?" Lord Daintree added, addressing his other companion. "You've gone into a brown study."

"Your brooch."

"Why?"

"Because I have seen it before, unless there are two in the world exactly alike."

"I don't think there is another in existence like this one. But where did you see it?"

"Not in Paris certainly. Here in England not twelve months ago."

"Whereabouts?"

"In my father's house. Stay, let me look at it, will you, Daintree? Yes, it is the very same. This stone has a flaw in it, and my father pointed it out to the person who wanted to sell it to him."

"Who must have sold it in France afterwards, as Mr. Onslow purchased it there."

"Well, I don't think he did."

"Why not?"

"Because some time afterwards my father altered his mind and made a bid for it, and the old man—he was a sort of pedlar, I think—said he would keep it for him."

"And didn't, evidently."

"Well, that's the oddest part of it. My father wrote about it, and the letter came back. The man was either dead or had moved, I forget which."

Lord Daintree did not exhibit much interest in the chatter about the brooch. He had got it back, and he did not care much where it had been in the interim; but a strange look came into Ernest Dormer's eyes as he listened.

"Can you tell me the name of the man you speak of?" he asked.

"No, that I can't. I don't know that I ever heard it," the young man replied. "I saw him once. He was an old, eccentric-looking man, dressed like a stage Jew, but gentlemanly enough in manner. He had a lot of curious, antique things to sell, and came to our place to see the governor about some oak carvings. The old boy was in a furious way when he was not to be found, I can tell you."

Ernest Dormer asked no more questions, but he was very silent while the others went on with their talk. Mr. Leveson's words had evidently set him thinking.

"How did you come to part with the thing, Daintree?" that young gentleman asked, presently.

"I am ashamed to think of it," the other replied, frankly. "I gave it away, my boy."

"Your mother's brooch!"

"Yes, to a woman who—— Well, it's no use entering on all that. You know the kind. I was a boy or little more—young, rash, inexperienced, and she was a woman thoroughly versed in all the world's ways, with beauty enough to lure an angel from heaven, and evil enough to people the other place with sinners. I had the brooch in charge for my mother to get repaired. She saw it. With her to see was to covet. I could not resist her wiles. Intoxicated by what I believed her love for me, in an evil hour I let her wheedle me into giving it to her, and lied to my mother and told her I had lost it. My siren only laughed when she read my father's advertisement about it, and in a very few weeks from that time she had flung me off, ruined by her extravagance, for a richer and more experienced suitor.

"In a very short time I heard that the end of her extravagance had come. Forsaken by her admirers, and in debt everywhere, all her things were seized and sold. I saw the catalogue of her jewels, and that brooch was amongst them. I hurried to redeem it, but I was too late. It had been sold, but to whom I have never known. I was surprised to hear Mr. Onslow say he bought it in Paris, for the police ransacked every jeweller's and *bric-a-brac* shop in that city, and in Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna, in vain, to find it for me. However, it does not signify now, and if a diamond bracelet will compensate Mrs. Onslow for the loss of it, and she will permit me to make such an addition to her jewel case, she shall not have a paltry one, I promise her."

"How oddly things come about," said Mr. Leveson. "To think we should find such a superb woman spring from nobody knows where queening it here in this house, and wearing your mother's opal and diamond brooch. The thing's like a fairy tale, isn't it?"

"It is odd!"

"And the oddest of all is that Jasper Onslow should tell a lie about where he got it," thought Ernest Dormer to himself, as they separated. "He didn't buy that brooch in Paris, and he did not inherit it from his cousin in Languedoc."

The ball was a great success. There was not one dissentient voice on that subject as the guests filed away to their carriages. Muriel had taken her stand in the fashionable world, and secured herself a place among the very highest at the first onset. She had outshone Doris Carlyon in her calm, stately beauty and tasteful, costly toilette, as the daylight outshines the faint glitter of the stars. People had gazed at her, and admired her calm loveliness, and bestowed not a second thought on the tropical beauty and startling costume of the Mexican heiress. Yet Doris was by no means ill pleased with her success.

"I did not outshine her in appearance," she said to herself, as she sat before the mirror in her dressing room after the ball. "I was a fool to think I should. Those fat, fair women, with good eyes and complexions, light up so well. Yes, Mrs. Onslow is handsomer in her way than I am; but I'll have her at my feet yet. I hardly expected so easy a victory. The silly fool! So the sight of me makes his heart leap and his blood thrill does it? It shall leap and thrill with a torment he little dreams of before I have done with him, and then—why, then he will have his Muriel to comfort him, and your fair-haired, amiable women can be sweet comforters sometimes when their jealousy is roused."

She was right when she had whispered to herself "Won!" in the dreamy seclusion of the conservatory. The victory was hers. Jasper Onslow was as much her slave as he had been in the days when he painted her picture, and madly marred his own handiwork.

She smiled to herself when he was announced the next morning, and entered her presence like the trembling coward love for her had made of him. He brought her a bouquet, and was as nervous as a bashful boy in the heighth of his first passion. She treated him with laughing scorn.

"This won't do," she said. "I told you I would have no love-making."

"You promised me your friendship."

"Friendship! Yes; but friendship doesn't do this sort of thing," she said, touching the bouquet with her dainty forefinger. "I shall order my servants to say 'Not at home' whenever they see you coming armed in this way."

He promised compliance with her wishes—as what would he not have promised?—and from that time forth was her blind, unreasoning slave. Every moment that he could snatch from other duties he spent in her society, and if she refused flowers at his hands she did not refuse to accept more costly gifts.

It was many a day before Muriel, occupied with her new position and its duties, and wrapped up in her children, had her eyes opened to what was going on. When she did, the consequences were as terrible as they were unforeseen.

Some month or so after the grand *entree* of the Onslows into London society, and while Muriel's success and popularity were at their height, a stranger made his appearance in Limehouse. No great event, certainly, when the shifting population are half of them strangers, and come and go with amazing uncertainty. But this particular one was rather a curious man. He was small of stature, whiteheaded, and very foreign in aspect. He limped when he walked, and had a curious way of peering about him with his head on one side, like an elderly tomtit. His dress was rather poor, but dress doesn't count for much in that waterside locality, where the shabbiest looking man may turn out a millionaire, to the surprise of no one.

This gentleman suddenly appeared in the High-street one fine morning, and inquired of the nearest *gamin* the way to Marling Manor. Half a dozen ready and dirty guides presented themselves, but assured him his inquiries were "no go," for that the house was shut up.

"Shut up!" he repeated aghast.

"Yes, this ever so long," replied the biggest of the tattered crew. "If you doubt it come and see."

They led him to the front of the deserted house, now looking far lonelier than ever, with its strip of dismal garden, ornamented with dead cats and brickbats, and every pane of glass that could be reached with a stone broken. The boys had not spared it since old Jabez Colliver had left it.

The stranger turned fiercely upon the boys as they stopped at the gate.

"You deceive me, wicked that you are," he said. "This is not the place. A manor is a country place, with sweet fields and orchards all about it—not a vile den of filth and fever like this."

The boys laughed and whooped, and danced round him in wild glee, while they assured him that there was no other manor, and demanded backsheesh in a manner that was, to say the least of it, maddening. He had bestowed two or three well-directed cuffs right and left, and there was every prospect of a very pretty little row, when a policeman came up and settled the matter by putting the boys to flight. He had no objection to a shilling, and he gave the stranger every information in his power. He assured him that the dilapidated place before him was really Marling Manor, and that there was no other place by the name as far as he knew.

"But Jabez Colliver, the person who lived there," the little man asked; "where is he, and why is it all gone to ruin like this?"

"Ah! that's what everybody would like to know, sir," the man replied. "He went away the best part of a year ago, and no one

has ever heard anything of him since; but if you'll step round to the office, sir, they'll tell you all about it there."

The gentleman did step round, and heard the whole story, and took down Jasper Onslow's address.

"Show me the way to the station please, somebody," he said, when he had heard all there was to tell. "I must see Mr. Onslow before I sleep. You see, I'm Jabez Collier's only brother. We haven't met for forty years, and I've come fifteen thousand miles to see him."

(To be continued in our next.)

A LESSON FOR FATHERS.

BY F. A. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis had been married twelve years. During that time they had been very happy. Mr. Davis was a prosperous merchant, and a man whom every one respected for his sterling worth, and his many good qualities. His wife was a fitting partner for him. They had struggled on together, and, having known poverty, were now disposed to enjoy their prosperity with prudence and propriety.

They had four children, the oldest just entering upon his eleventh year, and the youngest just out of the arms. They were good children, all of them, and no parents ever had better cause to be happy in, or proud of, their off-spring than did those of whom we write. Yet, strange though it may seem, these children had caused the only unhappiness that had ever come into the family.

Mrs. Davis was a warm-hearted, loving little woman, and petted and indulged her children in almost everything. Mr. Davis, on the other hand, was very strict and positive with them. His wife thought him too strict, and frequently told him so. He did not agree with her; he was a conscientious man, he loved his children, and was sincerely anxious to do his duty by them. He had a dread of seeing them, as he expressed it, "like other children, bad, reckless, and willful." He did not fully appreciate a child's nature, and that what he called "bad, reckless, and willful" in them, was simply the results of the wild and thoughtless freedom of that happy age—qualities which may, by patience and tender care, be ripened into the noblest attributes, but which, if repressed by sternness or severity, will surely mar the character of the child and adult for all time.

Mr. Davis's wish was to have his children little models of propriety, and he believed it to be for their good. But heaven save us from your over-sedate children! Give us the free, careless, ringing laugh, and the pure and happy hearts that come with it, and leave sedateness for the sadder and the wiser age which will close life's springtime full soon enough. Mr. Davis could not bear to hear his children romping and shouting through the house—it was so rude; or to see them with their dresses soiled or deranged in the least, as it was so vulgar! Many innocent things, which were more the result of carelessness and childishness than of any objectionable quality, were sharply and summarily suppressed; and frequently the little ones were utterly at a loss to imagine why their father was so strict with them.

Mrs. Davis would often remonstrate with her husband. She told him there was no doubt that he was too strict, and that he would do his children more harm than good.

"Too much severity will warp and blunt their natures," she said. "You had better spoil them a little."

"But, Susan," her husband exclaimed earnestly, "it is my duty to try and make good men and women of them."

"I know it; and I am always ready to help you to the extent of my ability. The best children I ever saw were those who were spoiled as much as managed. Kindness and indulgence are as valuable as sternness and control."

Mr. Davis thought he was kind to his children. He meant to be so; he loved them dearly, and would have made any personal sacrifice to secure their happiness. It made him very unhappy to cause them any pain, but when he thought it necessary, he did not shrink from it, for duty was with him a sacred thing. His great error lay in requiring a child to conform to a man's rule of duty, and in judging both by the same standard.

One day, while pondering painfully over this matter, Mr. Davis turned to his wife, and said, "Susan, I am afraid the children are not very fond of me."

He spoke in a low, pained tone, and it touched the little woman's heart instantly.

"That is one of your fancies, perhaps," she said.

"No," he replied, "I have watched them closely. It isn't fancy, it is unhappily true. They are afraid of me, and shrink from me. When I come where they are, they stop their play, and become silent and shy.—George avoids me now constantly; and even little Annie seems happier when away from me. I don't know what I have done to deserve this."

"I don't mean to pain you, Robert," said his wife, gently, "but don't you think this the result of too much strictness? I have dreaded this. It may be that they have learnt to fear you, not as a loving father, but as a stern, harsh master. Isn't it so?"

"I am afraid it is true," he answered, sadly. "But heaven knows I have tried to do my duty."

When Mr. Davis returned home from his business the next day, he found little Annie, his pet of all the children, very ill. During the night she grew worse, and the next morning the physician pronounced her dangerously ill with scarlet fever. She grew still worse, and the doctor's face became graver at each visit. At last he told the afflicted parents that the little one must die.

Mrs. Davis bore up wonderfully under the terrible announcement; but it seemed to crush her husband completely. He loved none of his children so well as this one; and now that he was about to lose her, she seemed doubly dear to him. It was hard to tell which was the more touching sight—the mother's patient sorrow, or the father's stormy outburst.

The final moment came at last. Little Annie lay very white and patient, waiting for the voice of the Master to call her up higher. She had been told she must die, and she was very willing. Her mother sat by her holding her hand, and, while she stifled her own grief, told her of heaven and the holy angels. The little face lighted up, and the wan lips murmured:—"I am so glad I'm going there."

But another thought—that of leaving her parents—came to her; and she asked, eagerly, "But you'll come there, too, won't you, mamma?"

"Yes, darling."

"And papa'll come, too? I love papa very much, mamma; and maybe when he gets to heaven, he'll not scold us so much."

A bitter sob interrupted her, and the grief-stricken father moaned, "Oh heaven, forgive me for my harshness to them!"

"Don't cry, papa," said little Annie, reaching out her hand to him. "We all love you. Brother George loves you so much, and it makes him cry when you scold him. When I'm gone you mustn't scold the children."

"So help me heaven, I never will!" burst from the quivering lips of the father.

As he bent over her, little Annie put up her arms, and clasped them round his neck. She kissed him softly, and then sank back upon her pillow.

"Good-bye, papa," she said, faintly.

She turned to her mother with a smile, and reached out her hand to her; but it sank powerless to the bed, and the little girl lay very still, with the smile still on her face. The Master had called her up higher.

Mr. Davis was a changed man after her death. He was as careful as ever for his children; but he was stern with them no longer, and they were all the happier for it. When he felt tempted to reprove them sharply for anything, he seemed to see the wan face of little Annie before him, and to hear her words, "When I am gone don't scold them." And he could only turn away with a bitter pang at his heart.

The house rang again with the reckless, hearty merriment of the children; but oftentimes the father would turn from it with pain, for he missed the voice of his lost darling.

People wondered at the change in him. No one but his wife understood it, for it was a subject of which he never spoke. It almost consoled her for little Annie's loss; and in the end, their bereavement was their gain, for it brought to them greater and more perfect happiness than they had ever known before.

THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY D. A. D.

People are always talking about the pleasures of childhood. Folks thump away at pianos and screech, "I would I were a boy again," and a hundred other stupid songs, all endeavoring to show the advantages of childhood. "Children from four to sixteen years of age are the happiest creatures in the world," said a friend to me, very seriously. I didn't tell the gentleman that he told an untruth: I only said I thought he was mistaken, which amounts to the same, and sounds better.

But I tell you it's no such thing! Childhood was the most miserable period of my existence, and the only thing that tended to make it endurable was the hope that some day I should get grown up and be able to "order about" other luckless children, the same way that grown-up people then ordered me.

Who ever imagines babies have a happy time? If they are happy, what are they always crying for? Then, don't the nurses always pin in babies' clothes? and you know pins are forever pricking into the soft flesh; this makes babies cry more; so nurse doses them with soothing syrup, paregoric, laudanum, or some other liquid poison, until they get all manner of brain diseases, and some die; their fathers say they were too clever to live—mildly hinting that the survivors are but slightly removed from idiocy.

When they get a little better of other diseases, the cholera infantum sets in, succeeded by whooping cough, measles, etc. If they are so unfortunate as to survive, they finally begin to creep, and at length walk; then new troubles begin.

I dare say you can remember your first attempt at walking, even now. Your mother stood about two yards off, holding a great lump of sugar in her fingers, and coaxing you to make the attempt. You stood up, clinging to a chair, and feeling decidedly weak in the knees; but the sugar looked so nice you finally decided to venture; one step was made, then another—knees grew more limber every minute, and at the third step down you came, with a force that fairly shook the house, striking your head against the stove-hearth, and making a bunch on it—on your head, not the hearth—the size of a small hen's egg. Oh! how it hurt! and you didn't get the sugar, after all!

Your mother then grabbed you, and emptied a bottle of liniment on your head, about half of it running down your back and the rest of it into your eyes. Eyes smarted worse than the bump, and you yelled till folks got out of patience and said you weren't hurt—'twas all temper.

When children become little older, and commence to take some comfort in their peculiar way—the boys, by tying tin kettles to the tails of unfortunate cats, stealing their fathers' winter apples, and tumbling into the mill-pond; and the girls, by playing with dolls and hooking sugar out of the sugar-basin—they are bundled off to a day-school.

Weren't you happy then, my dear friend? From four to sixteen is the happiest period of your life, eh? You were happy, weren't you, the time you got fourteen thrashings in one week—five from the schoolmaster, five from your father after you reached home, and four from the school-boys on your way home?

Girls, too, have their peculiar troubles as well as boys. Their big brothers tell them the wildest ghost stories, until they get so nervous and fidgetty they can't sleep a wink for fear of giants, ghosts, and dragons, that fly about the country for the express purpose of carrying off bad children.

Think I want to be a child again, do you? Not if I know myself! It is bad enough to have to be a child once; but to want to be a boy or girl again is ridiculous nonsense; and the expression of such a wish on the part of any grown-up person ought to be considered sufficient evidence of a deranged mind, and their friends ought to be justified in placing them in lunatic asylums for the term of their natural lives.

MASKS.

If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes, and bitterness, and physical annoyances of our neighbors, we should make allowances for them which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart-pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together, with "I love you" in either heart, and neither knows it. Each thinks, "I could be fond, but what use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it?" and so they part, and go their ways alone. Life is a masquerade, at which few unmask, even to their very dearest. And though there is need of much masking, would to heaven we dared show plainly our real faces, from birth to death, for then some few, at least, would truly love each other.

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

CHAPTER I.

WATCHING.

It is the end of the seventeenth century, and the scene lies in Scotland. There is danger in North Britain, for James II has been beaten in Ireland, he has once again taken refuge upon the Continent, and the Government of William III is diligently hunting down those of the Scottish gentry who can be shown to have in any way favored the Stuart.

Henry Aston is one of those who surreptitiously support the house of Stuart; but at the time when this story is commenced he has not been denounced. He is, however, in dread of arrest.

The hurry and commotion, however, visible in his ancestral home were due, certainly not to any fear as to the arrest of the lord of the castle, but to the result of an endeavor to discover if Edgar Ravenswood met Lucy Ashton, the sister of Henry Ashton, himself, and upon whom the brother depended to save him from the punishment which threatened him for the folly of having supported the cause of the last of the Stuart kings.

An old feud existed between the houses of Ashton and Ravenswood—so old, that no one upon either estate could very clearly explain how it came to have an existence.

Neither family was rich; that of Ravenswood had been for some time almost in penury, and neither house could be said to be in a flourishing condition. The Ashtons were represented by Henry Ashton, his sister Lucy, and a distant cousin, named Norman; while that of Ravenswood was represented by Edgar alone, who inherited scarcely more than the family name and a crumbling old castle.

The estates of these two families joined, and it was strongly suspected by Henry Ashton that this adjacency had led to the frequent meeting of his sister and Edgar Ravenswood, of Ravenswood.

It was to obtain certain information upon this point that a number of Ashton's retainers were despatched to ascertain if Ravenswood and their young lady had a secret place of meeting.

Meanwhile, Henry Ashton held a consultation with his cousin Norman.

"You look angry," said Norman.

"Not without reason," replied Ashton. "You know, no one better, that the fortunes of my house are at a very low ebb, and that any heavy fine imposed upon the estate will be my ruin. I can depend upon our retainers guarding the secret of my support of King James; but I cannot be sure that some hind of the Ravenswoods' may not betray that secret to the Government. There is one hope left me. If she should marry Arthur I should be safe, for he is a favorite at Court, and a known supporter of the House of Orange. But my sister will not hear of him as a suitor. I sometimes feel as though I could drive her from my house, and bid her never again sleep beneath her late father's roof."

"Forgive me," said Raymond, the house chaplain. "Has not her mother's recent death more to do with her refusal of Arthur's hand than any love she may have for this Ravenswood? It is o'er early to sit at a marriage feast so soon after funeral baked meats have been eaten."

"I fear that she loves," said Norman.

"Whom?" exclaimed Henry Ashton.

"You must know," said Norman, "that Lucy was wandering in the home-park, when a furious bull, which had got loose, was nearly upon her, when one, who is a good shot, tumbled the animal over, and saved her life."

"Who fired that shot?" asked Ashton.

"He whom she loves," replied Norman.

"Who is he?"

"He seeks to hide his name," said Norman. "But he and your sister meet every morning."

"Where?" asked Ashton, placing his hand upon his sword.

"At the spot where he saved her life."

"If you know his name, tell it me."

"It is that of your greatest enemy, my good laird."

"Ha! Ravenswood?"

"He is the man. If I pain you, Ashton, forgive me. It was my duty to warn you of the danger threatening your family."

"The traitor shall repay this outrage with his worthless life," cried Ashton, striding away—"with his very life!".

* * * * *

The next morning Lucy Ashton, a bright, fresh-colored young Highland lassie, was up with the sun, and taking advantage of that liberty in the movements of our women which has always characterized them and proved the chivalry of our men, she left her brother's half-ruined castle at that point where the wood joined it, and, accompanied only by her confidential maid Alice, she directed her steps without hesitation to that part of the home-park where a natural fountain gushed from the sheltered and picturesque rocks.

She glanced anxiously about when they reached this spot, and her face did not lose its troubled look as she said, "He comes not."

"Are you not rash, dear mistress, to leave the house after the warning given you that the laird was watching your movements? If he should learn all, I fear your life would truly be in danger."

"This is the last time I shall come to the trysting place, Alice, and I am only here that I may warn the Master of Ravenswood against the perils which threaten him."

"My lady, why do you look so strangely on this little trickling waterfall?"

"It ever inspires me with awe, for it was here that a Ravenswood, blind, mad with jealousy, destroyed his loving wife. It is said her unhappy spirit haunts the stream—nay, I know it is so, for once I saw this strange apparition. I had wandered here quite at dusk, and though the moon was up, the coming evening was dark. Strangely enough, the fountain itself was bright. Suddenly I heard sighs, and then a female form became visible. Its lips were parted, but no word was said, while the right hand moved as though to beckon me towards it. Suddenly the vision faded, and then the stream of water seemed like falling blood. I know that it is a warning to avoid the Ravenswoods—above all, the one I so dearly love. But this determination I cannot take. My love for Edgar is verily my life; therefore, whatever may happen, it cannot be so terrible as would be the act of deserting him. Should he prove treacherous, I shall willingly part with life. To love him is to live; to lose him is to die."

"I hope for the best, dear mistress; but I fear the worst——Ha! I will leave you, for he is approaching."

Her face brightened as the words were spoken, and she hastened forward to meet Edgar of Ravenswood.

His face also shone with love and happiness; but below them, Lucy Ashton could see the natural, deep-rooted melancholy of a man who knew himself to be condemned to misfortune.

He was dressed with great care, but it could, without difficulty, be seen that his clothes were neither new nor free from signs of those attentions which are requisite when money is scarce, and new clothing is required.

"Forgive me, dear Lucy," he said, "for having kept you waiting; the more especially that I prayed you to be here, as I have matters of great import with which to acquaint you. Dearest, so soon as to-morrow I must leave you, and perhaps for ever."

"What say you, Edgar?"

"State reasons compel me to travel to France, in the interests of our native Scotland."

"And can you leave me, Edgar, to solitude and despair?"

"No, dear Lucy; before I start I will see your brother, tell him of our desperate love, and entreating him to forget our family feud, ask from him your hand."

"No, no, no!" she cried; "I would rather love you secretly, in an agony of doubt, than that you should venture to excite his mad anger by such a request. You do not know Henry Ashton."

"What! does he still hate me? Is it not enough that he holds the land that once was my father's, and from whom it was treacherously wrested? He seeks my death!"

"No, no, no!" she cried, eagerly, in the midst of her sobbing—"he does not threaten your life."

"Lucy, before my father's dead body I swore eternal hatred of your race. Chance was more merciful to me than I to myself; for it happened that in the very moment in which I saw you, I saved your life. Then did I repent me of my oath, and strove to forget the injury your people had done mine. And now he will crush me by forbidding you to love me—perchance because I am poor—poor by the iniquities of his father in his relations with my father. But that oath is not rescinded."

"Oh, do not dream of vengeance!" cried Lucy. "All that we both have to care about is to maintain life-long constancy, and never yield even to the most cruel evidence in proof of the treachery and falsehood of the other. Oh, Edgar of Ravenswood, leave Scotland privily, trusting in my undying love, as I do in yours, and wait patiently for better and happier days!"

"Swear, then!" he cried, "before this bubbling spring—where once ancestor of mine, blind with jealousy, destroyed the most loving of wives—swear never to be the wife of other man than myself!"

"I swear it!"

"So be it!" he said, terribly. "We are betrothed! Accursed be the one who breaks the oath!"

CHAPTER II.

FORGING.

Many months have passed since Lucy Ashton was betrothed, near the blood-fountain of the Ravenwoods.

Not a word had she heard from him—not a message from her lover has reached her ears; she knows only that Edgar of Ravenswood left Scotland upon certain secret business, and that nothing has been heard about him.

Over and over again, her brother, Henry Ashton, has intimated that Arthur is about to arrive, and that he expects Lucy will receive him as her future husband. She has listened wearisomely many times to the history of his family, his accomplishments, and calculations concerning his wealth.

All these discussions have only made her yearn the more towards the poverty-stricken, wandering, melancholy Edgar of Ravenswood.

But she begins to take alarm when she finds the Castle filling with visitors, and when she meets her brother's eyes gloomily and doubtfully fixed upon her face.

On a certain day, when still more visitors had arrived, Ashton and his right-hand man were talking, lowly and eagerly, in a room, the door of which was fastened, as though the lock were a safeguard to their secrets.

"She will be here in a little while," said Norman.

"I confess that I shall tremble as I tell her what has been done. The Castle is filled with marriage guests, and the bridegroom will soon be here; and, meanwhile, the bride herself has no knowledge that her marriage is decided upon—that all has been arranged without consulting her."

"I think our plot has been well laid," says Norman. "She may still love Ravenswood, but her woman's pride will mould her to your will. You have bought their go-betweens, and not one letter has reached your sister from this outlaw. Then there have been those who were set to tell her tales of his life in France, they apparently knowing nothing of their engagement. She cannot withstand this evidence, taken with the fact that she has received no letters from him. She may hesitate, but she will yield to your just and wise authority."

Ah! there is nothing in this world so powerful and so cruel as calumny. People will tell you that it is of no avail, and that it will recoil upon the head of the traducer. Stern fact, which only too often is opposed to generous sentiment and the nobler shapes of thought, too clearly demonstrates that calumny is often quite successful. First it is a whisper, then a raised voice, and finally it is a storm of threat and insult, which only too frequently overwhelms and sweeps away the sufferer.

But let not the calumniators suppose that they are victorious. Calumny can but kill, and, for a fairly honest man or woman, the grave is but sleep. The traduced may be slain; but the traducers have to live, and therein lies their punishment.

Why, what must be the worth of life to man or woman who has poisoned his fellow man again and again successfully? This thought must be incessantly in his brain: "If I have poisoned easily, may I not be despatched with a facility of destruction equal to my own?" The poisoner's life is made a living death by reason of his knowledge that, as he has done to others, so he may be done by.

As it is with physical poisoners, it is with moral. No man so dreads calumny as he who uses it. The man or woman who has destroyed the good name of his neighbor will always live in fear of suffering a similar catastrophe. Such dread is heaven's natural mode of retribution, and should he the consolation of the traduced person, if he is sufficiently weak to desire revenge.

Again: what cowards calumny makes of those who use it—a social poison almost as dangerous to him who employs it, as to him against whose peace of mind it is directed.

Ashton, of Castle Ashton, and Norman, his confidential menial, are both strong men; but when the former marks his sister's footstep, he flushes, and looks towards the door doubtingly, and his wretched servitor abjectly follows his master's lead in these miserable particulars.

But Ashton is determined; and, in a moment or two, he summons sufficient cowardice to say, "I hear her step. Give me the last forged letter. Now go meet the bridegroom, and welcome him in my name to Castle Ashton."

She found the door open when she touched the handle, and very pleasantly did she return Norman's salute, as he made way for her to pass.

Then the brother, and his sister and victim, were alone together.

"I am glad to see you, Lucy, and to mark that your silence promises consent to my wishes. You will accept the husband of my choice, will you not? What! no word—no look, even?"

"Is not my pallid face sufficient answer, my good brother? May heaven pardon you for my broken heart—I utter not a word of reproach!"

"Why should you reproach me for seeking to establish you in life, sister? What honest brother could hesitate between a rich and respected gentleman on the one hand, and a wandering vagabond on the other?"

"I pray you be silent, brother, in all that relates to Ravenswood. Know that I was long since betrothed, affianced to him you ceaselessly traduce!"

"I cannot, will not believe that you were lost to all sense of honor so completely as to plight your faith to this man! Think no more of the treacherous man! See, here is yet another letter come to hand, proving him perjured!"

"I will not read it! I do believe him quite faithful!"

"But if you will not judge, how can you be sure that you are right?"

"I know that he is faithful!"

"Then I do command you to accept your cousin Arthur as your husband."

"What are those cries in the courtyard?" she asked suddenly, as certain sounds of welcome reached her ear.

"Arthur is here; prepare at once to marry him."

"I do refuse."

"Then be prepared to see me taken to the scaffold."

"You, brother? To the scaffold?"

"Yes—for I am in danger of death.—Know that I joined the conspiracy to dethrone William of Orange, and bring back the Stuarts. That conspiracy has fallen to pieces, and only your marriage with Arthur, who is a known follower of the new king's, will save me from arrest."

"But, brother, I am irrevocably pledged to another."

"It is my life I ask of you. I will say no more as to the advantages this marriage will give you. Do you hear?—my life, my very life!"

Ah, reader! You know what happened. When a man pleads to a woman for his life, you know that she will obtain it for him, even at the sacrifice of her own.

He knew this, the miserable creature; and, before she quitted the room, Lucy Ashton became—alas, how unwillingly!—unfaithful to her troth, and yielded to her brother's well-acted entreaty.

CHAPTER III.

MALEDICTION.

When Henry Ashton appeared in the great hall of the Castle, which had once been the homestead of the Ravenswoods, his pale face wore a smile as he approached his guest and intended brother-in-law.

"Welcome home!" said Ashton.

"And right glad am I to be welcomed," cried Arthur; "but where is Lucy?"

"Oh, these lassies of ours take time to prepare themselves for a bridegroom. But be not annoyed if you find her apparently in grief. Do not be disheartened. She still grieves for her mother, whom but recently we lost."

"I shall love her the more that she has not ceased to think tenderly of her mother. But even as we meet, Ashton, I have to tell you that I have heard it said that an affection existed between your sister and beggarly Edgar Ravenswood; or, at least, that if she did not return his passion, that he had dared to raise his eyes to hers."

Ashton looked confused, but recovering himself somewhat, he said hurriedly. "See, she has not long tarried."

Not much like a bride, assuredly, as she approaches, with pallid face and drooping eyelids.

Ashton has lost no time or opportunity. Already the marriage parchments are prepared for signature, and lying open upon a table, about which the lawyers are busily gathered.

"My Lucy, I present to you your husband."

This Lord Arthur, a pleasant gentleman, with a fair Saxon face, and honest-looking eyes and lips, approached her with the utmost courtesy.

"May I hope," he said, "that my promise to make your future life my constant care will bring a smile to those grief-worn lips?"

Before she had uttered one word, Ashton called out, brusquely, "Here are the parchments. They may be signed at once, and the lawyers be dismissed. They are strangely out of place at a time of rejoicing."

"This hour crowns my life," said Arthur, gently, as he bowed to Lucy, and moved to the table, where eagerly he signed his name, under the lawyer's directions.

"Is there no hope?" she murmured.

"No hope."

Her remorseless and cowardly brother drew her to the table, and with a few strokes of the pen she had legally declared herself Lord Arthur's wife.

As the pen fell from her fingers, there was trampling and other noises heard in the direction of the great entrance to the hall.

The guests naturally turned their heads, to see a young and active-looking man, dressed in traveler's costume, forcing his way successfully into the hall, despite the resistance of the retainers.

There was a low, desolate cry, and Lucy Ashton fell to the ground.

With the unerring eyes of love she had detected in the intrusive form her lover, Edgar of Ravenswood.

"Ravenswood!" a number of voices cried; and in such a tone that it was evident they knew of, or guessed, his right to be there.

"Why, Ravenswood, how come you here?" cried Ashton; "forcing your way into my house as though it were your own?"

"Once it was the house of my fathers, until it was stolen from them."

"Stolen!" cried Ashton, laying hand upon sword. "Do you dare thus speak? I know not why I do restrain myself from cutting thee down as thou dost stand!"

"'Tis my thought, too!" cried Edgar; "if, indeed, I think of thee at all! But 'tis not to visit you I came here, Henry Ashton. I seek your sister. Where is she?"

He looked about him; but the unhappy bride was surrounded by the ladies in attendance, and at the moment he did not perceive her.

Lucy was calling upon death pitifully. To save her brother, she knew she had destroyed her lover and herself. In that supreme and perplexing hour she knew that death was the only gracious bestower of that peace which alone could pacify her—the peace of the silent and merciful grave.

"It is for me to bid you leave this house!" cried Arthur, drawing his sword. "This lady is my wife, and it is my especial right to protect her. Begone!"

As he referred to his wife, the ladies about her moved away, and Ravenswood saw her.

Even in that terrible moment a passing sense of pity at the change that was apparent in her, made him tremble. But it was soon engulfed in rage at her falsehood.

It need not be said that at that time he had no knowledge that the creature who should have conveyed his letters to Lucy had sold herself to the brother. So far, he believed firmly that her legal betrothment to Arthur was her own act, resulting out of her treachery towards himself.

"I may fall," cried Edgar, in answer to the bridegroom's challenge, "but others shall go down with me! In my despair, I do defy you all!"

The friends of the house, all sword in hand, were about to fall upon the intruder, led by Ashton, at whose breast Ravenswood's sword was implacably pointed, when Master Raymond, the chaplain, called upon them, in the name of Heaven, to put up their swords.

It was an age in which the voice of the clergyman was respected, and the points of all those drawn swords were lowered as the good man spoke.

"I call upon you," cried the chaplain, "good Master of Ravenswood, to quit this place in peace, and without the utterance of another word!"

"First hear wherefore I have come. It is to seek my wife, Lucy Ashton, who plighted her troth to me."

"Learn from me," cried Ashton, "that she is another man's wife. I pray you go in peace, as a good neighbor, and forget her."

"Forget her!" he cried, in heart-broken accents; "that can never be. I may despise her; but it is my destiny to love her until death shall freeze my heart!"

"Master Ravenswood, look!" said Master Raymond, in a grave voice, and holding towards the unhappy Edgar the Parchment Lucy had signed.

He took it with terrible calmness, read it, and showed signs of emotion only when his eyes fell upon her signature.

Then he knew all was at an end.

Never once had she raised her eyes toward him—only once had he looked towards her.

"And can'st thou have signed this?" he said.

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly.

Then their eyes met, and instantaneously the unhappy lover was wild with rage.

Before any one could interpose, he had torn the parchment in two, so fiercely did his strong hands grasp it.

"Take back thy ring!" he cried, tearing the jewel from his hand, and casting it upon the ground.

Then, seizing her left hand by a sudden movement, he tore from it the ring he had placed there.

This he cast from him, and before any one could move a hand to stay him, he raised his sword above his head and cried, "False to your word, to heaven, and my love! May the hour be accursed when I saved thy worthless life! Fool that I was to believe an Ashton capable of truth or faith! Thou art like all thy race—shameless, heartless, and cunning! What but harm has an Ashton ever brought a Ravenswood? I call on high Heaven itself to avenge me, for I am powerless to avenge myself!"

"Fall upon him!" cried Ashton, rushing forward.

But whether he fought like a hundred, or they pitied him, or Lucy's terrible cry, "Spare him!" as she fell to the ground, unnerved them, though driven at the sword's point to the outer gate, not a drop of his blood fell upon the floor of Ashton's house.

Once beyond the outer threshhold, they closed the gate upon him, and left him alone in the world, calling upon death to deliver him.

CHAPTER IV.

COMPLETED.

In our more moderate and better regulated times, such a scene would unquestionably have put a stop to the day's rejoicings.

But apart from the rude fashions of those days, Henry Ashton was exceedingly desirous to demonstrate that he had abandoned the Jacobite cause by marrying his sister to a firm adherent of the new King, William III, after expelling from his house Master Ravenswood, known to be a sympathizer with the late reigning family.

The contracts being made complete, the bridal party repaired to the Castle chapel, and Master Raymond exercised his holy office.

According to the custom of those days, one which has, in some measure, been revived in ours, after the retirement of the bride and bridegroom, festivities were proceeded with amongst the invited guests.

Laughter, dancing, singing, together with eating and drinking, and some good will, had nearly succeeded in drowning the memory of the awful scene that had characterized the earlier portion of the ceremony, when the minister, with raised hands and affrighted face, was seen to enter the banqueting hall.

"Cease, cease these sounds of merriment! Woe, woe upon this unhappy house!"

"Why art thou so pale?" asked one. "What evil tidings do you bring?"

"It is too terrible!" cried the minister. "Groans being heard to proceed from the bridal chamber, and no answer being returned to our summons on the door, it was forced by me, and, entering, the sight that met my eyes will forever haunt me. There lay the bridegroom, dying, blood streaming from his side, a crimsoned sword on the ground, near him; while the bride crouched in a corner, her senses quite gone, and calling, as she saw me, 'Where is my husband, Edgar of Ravenswood? Why does he tarry?' Her reason has fled, I fear, forever!"

As he ceased speaking, those nearest the door uttered exclamations of horror, as they saw the blood-stained bride, in her white dress, approaching.

"I can hear his sweet voice," she murmurs, "and my heart is rejoiced. Come to me, Edgar, my own, now and forever! They will never part us again! Our enemies are all dead, and we are alone in the world! But why does my heart feel cold, and why does ice seem to beat in my veins? I am tired, Edgar. Let us rest near our fountain, where we first met. Oh, no, no, no! It cannot be! See, Edgar, the phantom once more is beckoning to me! Take me away, my dear husband; never again part from me! See what lovely roses they are scattering upon us, and listen to the sweet music, as though the angels were singing! It says our marriage will be happy. Why do you hang back? Do you fear me? See, here comes the good minister! Give me thy strong right hand. We shall never again part!—never—never!"

Comes Henry Ashton, only hearing that the bridegroom is slain, and dreading the danger in which he himself will be placed, he who was ready enough to destroy his sister.

He takes no heed of the strange looks cast upon him, and it is only when his angry eyes look upon the lost Lucy, that his anger becomes terror.

This is the end of his selfishness, cruelty, and mercilessness—death and madness!

* * * * *

Meanwhile, some little distance off, Edgar of Ravenswood stands amidst the crumbling tombs of his ancestors.

He can easily see, from this point, the lighted windows of the Castle which was once the home of his fathers.

"Tombs of my dead fathers," he thinks, "I, the last descendant of an unhappy race, come to join you. My anger has passed away. Would that they had been merciful and killed me! They but added to my misery when they let me live. Life for me is but torture, and the world only a desert. How the lights shine from the Castle windows! A little, and the cold dawn will pale them. Can she be happy? Has she no thought for my wretchedness? I do not ask now for love—only for a little pity."

He has been meditating for a long time, when he hears footsteps.

It is some of the kindlier disposed of the Ashton retainers, who, having learnt where to find the Master of Ravenswood, have come to tell him what has happened, and how she is dying, yet calling unceasingly for him—how, at last, the brother has relented, and asked them to find him.

Dying! How death changes our resolves! Since he saw her, though his love has been no less, his horror and aversion have been equal to his passion, for the great poet has truly said that love and hate are near neighbors.

But when death is coming—when misfortune is upon the dreaded person, how it changes our mistrust into pity and yearning.

Edgar of Ravenswood has turned from old Castle Ashton, determining, if in the storm of his anger and grief it can be said he is capable of any decision, never again to look upon the building, within whose walls his betrothed had been so treacherous; but when he stands amidst the graves of his fathers, he glances almost pityingly towards the brightly-lit-windows of the old home of his people, where Lucy has nathless already forgotten him in the embraces of another.

He has no thought of seeing her. If such an idea rose in his mind, he would scout it as an outrage by himself upon himself. But when they come telling him what has happened, in a moment all the horror he feels at her treachery vanishes like a dream, and his love for her once more masters him.

Now the short distance between him and the Castle is no longer an offence. Indeed, it seems a cruel gulf of space, which he must traverse before he can reach her.

"Lucy!" he cries; and merely utters the name again, for neither great joy nor deep grief is eloquent.

A few steps, however, and his flight is arrested, though by no visible cause.

He stops, stricken by the sound of the great bell of the Castle—that bell which he knows only announces a death.

"Whose?" his soul asks. *"Hers!"*

A little, and footsteps are heard approaching, and there comes in view, bearing torches, a hurrying half-dozen men, attracted by similar lights carried by those who surround Edgar of Ravenswood.

It is the good, old chaplain Raymond, who leads the new-comers.

Ravenswood looks eagerly into the good man's pitying, awe-stricken face, and in a low whisper he utters the one word, which for him is all the world—"Lucy!"

Alas! there is no need that the chaplain speak. One look, and Ravenswood knows that she has passed away.

And death being always sudden, he cries, "I come—I come!"

And before any one can stay his arm, he has plunged a dirk into his heart.

"Rash man, what hast thou done?" cries Raymond.

"I seek to follow her! Pardon, high heaven! Lucy!—Lucy!"

He falls dead, and for both the relentless world has passed away forever.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We read, the other day, an essay on "The Power of a Husband over his Wife;" and we could not help thinking that, in most well-regulated families, the wife exerted far more authority over her husband. We do not assert that she exerts it openly always; but that she "exerts it," sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, sometimes by design, and sometimes, perhaps, by accident! A capable woman soon learns her husband's peculiarities, and quite as soon avails herself of that knowledge to control his actions, as far as she conveniently can, and, of course, for their mutual benefit. An incapable woman would be foolish to attempt it. The song says:

"The lords of the creation, man we call,
And they think they rule the whole;
But they're much mistaken, after all,
For they're under the women's control."

And true it is, we think; for what a woman cannot obtain from the man who loves her by entreaties, she always can by tears; what she fails to secure through persuasion, she is certain to get through sympathy. She is no true woman if she cannot.

"And ever since the world began,
It has always been the way;
For didn't, in fact, the very first man
The very first woman obey?"

And a very poor life some men would lead if their wives did not hold the reins while they (the men) drove; though it must be confessed that, in some cases, the feminine effort to guide the family team only leads to disastrous consequences.

LIVING BY RULE.

Living by rule, as a Medo-Persian law inflexible, is very unwise, especially if a person is in reasonable health. Man is not a machine, that must be turned in a certain direction, or it will be destroyed; nor like a locomotive, which must run on one fixed track, or not run at all. The Architect of all worlds made us for acting under a great variety of circumstances, and in infinite wisdom and benevolence has given to man a mechanism of wonderful adaptability, by which he can live healthfully on land or sea, in the valley or on the mountain tops, in the tropics or at the poles, on the barren rocks or in the rich savannas.

Our modes of life must be adapted to our ages, our occupations, and the peculiarities of our constitutions. There are certain general principles which are applicable to all. Every man should be regular in his habits of eating; should have all the sound sleep which nature will take; should be in the open air an hour or two every day, when practicable, and should have a pleasurable and an encouraging remunerative occupation; and they are the happiest who are in this last category. At the same time, if a man accustoms himself to go to bed at nine o'clock, he need not break his neck or get into a stew if circumstances occur to keep him up an hour or two later now and then; and so with eating, exercise, and many other things.

No one ought to make himself a galley-slave to any observance; occasional deviations from all habits are actually beneficial.

FACETIÆ

A GREAT floor-manager—A broom.

DRESS parade—A fashionable wedding.

THE head of navigation—A ship-captain.

Two heads are better than one—especially in a barrel.

A POST-MORTEM examination—Opening a dead letter.

WE hear a great deal more of persons "dead in love" with each other than we do of their living in love with each other.

A FELLOW who was making himself ridiculously conspicuous at last broke out: "Call these here prize fowls? Why, they ain't nothin' to what our folks raised. My father raised the biggest rooster of any man around these parts."

"Don't doubt it," remarked a bystander, "and the noisiest, too."

A LITTLE mixed. A Cincinnati preacher, in the course of a sermon preached recently, said:

"Hampden in England said he would not pay tax. King John said he should. Men rallied around him. Magna Charta was the result." There were only four hundred years between King John and Magna Charta and Hampden.

BOSWELL once asked Johnson if there were no possible circumstances under which suicide would be justifiable.

"No," was the reply.

"Well," said Boswell, "suppose a man has been guilty of fraud, that he was certain would be found out?"

"Why, then," said Johnson, "in that case, let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."

MOTHERLY.—A California paper gives the following in reply to a correspondent: "Young Mother—Your little poem upon 'Baby' is a gem, and we regret that we have not space for so exquisite a tit-bit. If you have a fault it is the trifling one, common to all young writers, of sacrificing melody to hard sense. The third stanza is a striking instance:

'Dexery doodle-um dinkle um dum,
Tum to its mammy mammery mum;
Tizzery izzery lammery boo,
No baby so sweet and so pitty as oo.'"

A GOOD STORY.—A few summers since, an eminent New York lawyer, at the urgent request of one of his younger daughters, sent up to his country place in Vermont a donkey for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father:

"Dear Papa: I do wish you would come up here soon; my donkey is so lonesome."

As the lawyer himself describes this pathetic appeal, it is irresistible.

DEAN SWIFT, in passing through the county of Cavan, called at a homely but hospitable house, where he knew he should be well received. The Lady Bountiful of the mansion, rejoiced to have so distinguished a guest, runs up to him, and with great eagerness and flippancy asks him what he will have for dinner.

"Will you have an apple-pie, sir? Will you have a gooseberry-pie, sir? Will you have a cherry-pie, sir? Will you have a currant-pie, sir? Will you have a plum-pie, sir? Will you have a pigeon-pie, sir?"

"Any pie, madam, but a *magpie*."

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—A young gentleman paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his visits: Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming very weary, when a little girl about five years old slipped in and began to converse with him.

"I can always tell when you are coming to our house," she said.

"How?" he asked.

"Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and get good; she gives me cake and everything I want; and she sings so sweetly when you are here, and when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while, then I could have a nice time. But when you go off sister is not good. She gets mad, and if I ask her anything, she slaps and bangs me about."

This was a loser for the young man.

"Fools and children tell the truth," he muttered, and, taking his hat, he left, and returned no more.

THE COUNSELOR POSED.—At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, June, 1833, between certain music publishers, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the "Old English Gentleman," Tom Cooke, the composer, was subpœnaed as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, for the opposite side, that learned counsel rather flippantly questioned him thus:

"Now, sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean by that, sir?"

To this Tom promptly answered:

"I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent—the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes was different."

"What is a musical accent?" Sir James inquired.

"My terms are a guinea a lemon, sir," said Cooke, which elicited a loud laugh.

"Never mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?" returned Sir James, very angry.

"No."

"Can you feel it?"

"A musician can," said Cooke, amid laughter.

"Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."

"Accent in music," said Cooke, "is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress on any given word, for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, 'You are an *ass*,' it rests on *ass*; but if I were to say, '*You* are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James."

Reiterated shouts of laughter by the whole court, in which the bench itself joined, followed this repartee. Silence having been at length obtained, the judge, with much seeming gravity, accosted the chap-fallen counsel thus:

"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James, who, deep red as he naturally was, had become scarlet in more than name, in a great huff, said:

"The witness may go down!"

And go down he did amidst renewed laughter, in which all joined, particularly the learned brothers, except one, who did not see any joke in the matter.

TREASURES.

Friendship is a precious treasure—
Use it well!
Joy will give you without measure;
Slight it not, and never blindly
Treat it coldly or unkindly—
Use it well!

Honor is a priceless jewel—
Use it well!
It is never cold and cruel;
It is warm, and kind, and cheering,
Noble, steadfast, and endearing—
Use it well!

Truth's a treasure great and glorious—
Use it well!
It will make your work victorious;
Better far its riches oldee
Than the wraith that's merely golden—
Use it well!

Courage is a mighty treasure—
Use it well!
It will give you strength and pleasure;
It will drive away all sadness
By the conquering power of gladness—
Use it well!

Hope's a gem with light undying—
Use it well!
While the hours are swiftly flying,
Let its talismanic beauty
Lead you on through paths of duty—
Use it well!

Moments are life's richest treasures—
Use them well!
They will bring eternal pleasures,
If we never treat them lightly,
But improve them ever rightly—
Use them well!

AN ADVENTURE WITH A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

BY NIMROD.

I had been settled more than a year upon my coffee estate in the wild jungles of Ceylon, when one morning, during the idle season, as I stood before my bungalow, gaping, stretching, and wondering how I might best amuse myself for the day, a Coolie servant came up to me, heated and panting, and placed in my hands the following note:

"DEAR SIR,—Will you come over at once to my plantation, and join in the chase or hunt of a 'rogue' elephant, which is abroad somewhere in this vicinity, and committing sad depredations, to the great terror of the natives, who fear him more than they do the Evil One? It is the duty of every man who can bring a good nerve and a rifle, to turn out in defence of his surroundings, to say nothing of the sport. Hoping to receive a favorable answer through the bearer, Moonshee, in case you do not bring it yourself, I am, dear sir,

"Yours most truly,
"CHARLES HOLLINGSWORTH.
"Mango Hill Retreat."

Nothing at the moment could have given me more pleasure than this invitation to set off in quest of a 'rogue' elephant—for the sport would certainly have that spice of danger so necessary to quicken blood that had become too sluggish under the enervating influence of the sweltering tropics.

"Tell your master I am coming, Moonshee," said I, as I turned away to get my rifle and ammunition (including zinc balls—for lead is too soft for an elephant's head), and order my horse under saddle in the quickest possible time.

Half an hour saw me on the way to Mango Hill Retreat, distant ten miles, with three coolies running alongside and keeping pace with my impatient gallop; and as I dash along, let me tell you what the term of "rogue elephant" means, in case you have never heard it before.

In the forest and jungles of Ceylon, at the time I lived there, there were hundreds and thousands of wild elephants, which generally moved about in small herds, and were not usually dangerous to man, though quite destructive to property—so much so, that Government had set a price upon the head of each. In herds, as I have said, these huge animals were but little feared, even by the natives; but it occasionally so happened, from what cause I have never been able to learn, that an old tusker would become detached from his companions, and, like a maddened human Malay, seemed to devote the remainder of his life to running a muck—or, in other words, to attacking and killing every living thing he could reach, whether man or beast; and, all from pure malice—from an infernal fury that nothing but his own death could appease. With one of these furious monsters abroad, no one was safe. Fences were no barriers to his progress; a Coolie hut might be crushed like the shell of an egg; a bungalow be brought crashing about the ears of the master; and even a whole village has been half destroyed and the inhabitants put to flight by a single beast. In the language of the country, this dangerous animal was termed a rogue elephant—though "mad" elephant would have been by far a more appropriate appellation. When one of these was abroad, it was the duty of every man, as the note to me expressed, to turn out and hunt him to the death; and I was now hastening forward to perform the part of a good citizen.

When about half-way between my house and Hollingsworth's, in a wild, romantic part of the country, just where the road or path I was pursuing led down into a dark valley across a bright stream into a strip of level jungle, the Coolies running by my side suddenly stopped and yelled out in terror, pointing to some huge fresh footprints, that the rogue elephant had just passed.

"How do you know these impressions were not made yesterday?" I inquired, stopping to examine them.

"See, master" returned a bright-eyed fellow, called Lunekee, pointing to the bushes against which the huge body of the animal had pressed; "him brush off dew."

"Ah, very true—you are right. Well, then, he may be near; and perhaps we may meet and conquer him alone, which would be a triumph, indeed!"

"Him plenty much savage—fight like much devil," rejoined Lunekee, looking timorously around at his timid companions, and evidently willing to forego all glory which could only be gained at so much personal risk.

"But I have my rifle," said I; "two barrels—zinc balls—and am a pretty sure shot, and if I can find him I am determined to try my hand, devil or no devil!"

Just at this moment, as if in answer to my challenge, there came a loud bellowing, trumpeting roar from the deep jungle before me, followed by the rustling, snapping, and crashing sound of some tremendous body making a quick way through a dense thicket.

"Him a coming! him a coming!" cried the frightened Coolies; and they suddenly vanished like the witches of Macbeth, but rather into a thick forest than "thin air," leaving me to run or stay as inclination might prompt.

I must confess that inclination pleaded earnestly for an inglorious retreat, and my gallant steed was evidently of the same mind, for he wheeled, reared, plunged, and would have gone on like a shot, if I had not sawed him down to a fine dance. How could I shoot from the back of such a beast?

Whiz! flash! rush! what is that? A spotted deer passes me like a bolt of lightning, scared by that terrific trumpeting and crashing, which makes even the boldest beast of the jungle tremble. Shall I stand and await his onset? for he is evidently coming this way, and will soon be here. No; my horse is too restive—the ground too uncertain; better get my first view of the monster from the top of yonder hill. Away I go, horse and rider of one mind this time, and in a minute I have wheeled upon an elevation that overlooks the spot where I first heard the answering challenge of everbody's foe. There he comes, tusks first, and huge ones, too, showing he is an old bull—trunk up, trumpeting out defiance—eyes fiery red and awfully wicked, and tail lashing his sides in fury. Thank heaven there is some distance between us, and I yet have the chance of fight or flight.

"Better run much, else climb tree a good deal, master!" says a voice over my head; and looking up in surprise, I see Lunekee snugly posted in the upper branches of a tall tree, and another glance shows his companions similarly situated to the right and left of him.

If I fight the elephant, I must depend on myself and horse, and count nothing on my timid servants, or any human aid. Am I prepared for the risk? I looked down at the mad beast, and he looks up at me; and then, without half the consideration that I have taken in the matter, forward he comes, crushing the branches, snapping the smaller trees like pipe-stems, bent on my destruction! It is a little too much of the *dare*—of the bravado—to suit my easily-excited and not over-amiable temperament; and so, slipping down from my snorting horse, and passing the bridle over my left arm, I call out, in defiance, "Come on, you savage monster, and get what you don't seek! Be it life or death, I will have one shot at you now; and then see who is lord of the forest—man, with his puny strength and giant intellect, or brute, with his tremendous physical power and blind instinct!"

I aim at his forehead, but wait for him to come near, with my frightened horse pulling at the bridle, and making my sight unsteady. On he comes, with his mad rush and thundering crash—a sight to make any nervous man's heart flutter like a caged bird, and within twenty paces of me, bang! go both barrels.

He is hit in the head, but not killed; and madder than ever with the sting of pain, he flourishes his trunk, trumpets forth his wild fury, and increases his speed, to reach and crush me like a troublesome moth. There is nothing now for it but flight—swift flight; a few seconds more, and he will be upon me and I shall be among the things that were! Fairly swinging myself upon my horse, with an agility worthy of a Camanche Indian, I gave my noble brute the spur and the rein, and away we go over the hill at break-neck speed; rocks, bushes, and trees not once considered in our race for life.

Seeing my danger, the Coolies, posted beyond the reach of the elephant, now shout and scream to attract his attention and draw him off from the pursuit. He hears the noise, glances upwards with his fiery eyes, and turns to seek the nearest foe. The tree of Lunekee receives his mad favor; and rushing at that, he butts it an awful blow with his huge tusks—a blow that jars and shakes it like a small earthquake, makes every limb and leaf quiver, and almost unseats the poor fellow, who clings to it with all his strength and hope of life. Then he seizes it with his trunk, bellows forth his rage, exerts all his mighty force, and bends and shakes it as I might bend and shake a birch; and then retreating to gather headway, he butts it again, ripping off the bark and goring it with his tusks, but failing to bring down his human prey.

By this time he seems to have forgotten me altogether. But I have not forgotten him. Checking my horse at a safe distance, I proceed to reload my two barrels with zinc balls, in the greatest possible haste, and before he is satisfied to turn and seek another victim, I spur my horse to a dangerous vicinity, get him quiet for a moment, just in the nick of time, and blaze away again, directly at the monster's head.

This time, thank heaven, my aim has been true; and both balls go through his thick skull, and sink into his brain. He stops, staggers, reels—gets a dim view of me—tries to make another charge—steps out feebly—totters, and falls with a loud crash, sending forth the wildest bellows of rage and pain, and then lies so helpless on his huge side that even a child need no longer fear him. A few half-smothered groans, some convulsive jerks, a quivering throughout the great mass, and all is over—the body and limbs grow still, and the furious, formidable, dreaded rogue elephant is dead.

No general, after a great victory, ever felt his triumph more triumphantly than I did, as I quietly walked up, seated myself on the dead monster of the wilderness, and received, like a king upon his throne, the congratulations and praises of my joyful servants, who now gathered around me, shouting and dancing.

Leaving the beast in their charge, I remounted my horse and finished my ride to Mango Hill Retreat, where I found Hollingsworth and some half a dozen others only waiting for my arrival to begin the perilous hunt to which I had been invited. When I told them my adventure, they could hardly credit my story, and rode back with me to be confirmed of its truth. The result made a great man of me in all my region; and probably no one act of my life ever afforded me so much satisfaction, taken in all its bearings, as my encounter with, and destruction of, that savage rogue elephant.

THE IMPRISONED FAIRY.

BY MRS. A. E. M.

Little Clara Sheldon lived with her mother and father in a pretty house on the banks of the Hudson. They had a beautiful flower-garden in front of the house, filled with all kinds of flowers, such as violets, tulips, roses, &c.; and every morning Clara would rise with the sun and gather a little bouquet, fresh with sparkling dew, to give to her papa, to carry to town with him, for he had to go to the city to attend to his business.

One beautiful morning, while gathering the bouquet, she espied a large white rose, all covered with little diamond-like drops of dew; with an exclamation of delight she hastened towards it to pluck it, but just as her hand touched the stem, a tiny voice which seemed to come from the rose, said, "Please don't;" and looking down, she saw standing on the rose the smallest being imaginable, who continued, "Please don't pluck this rose: it is my bed."

"Your bed!" said Clara, surprised. "Who are you, beautiful little being?"

"I am a fairy," replied the little thing, "and my name is Fragrance. My grandmother, Mab, Queen of the Fairies, is angry with me, and has banished me from fairy-land. But I cannot live here; I must take one more look at my dear home, although my grandmother said if I ever came back she would kill me."

"Why, what a wicked old fairy she must be!" said Clara; but the little fairy only sighed, and shaking out her pair of wings, sailed away, and was soon out of sight.

Clara went on gathering her flowers, when, thinking the dew-drops would make beautiful jewels, she took from her pocket a vial to secure them in; just then she happened to glance upward, and saw the little fairy hurrying towards her, chased by a large blue fly. As soon as the tiny thing was near, it cried, "The fly is my wicked grandmother, going to kill me;" and with these words, she fell on a rose, panting for breath.

Clara held up the vial to ward off the fly; but it was coming so swiftly that it never heeded it, and so flew right into it. Clara clapped in the cork, and held it fast.

"What shall I do with this wicked old fly?" she asked the fairy, as soon as the little thing had somewhat recovered from its fright.

"Keep it fast in the vial," was the answer; "and do not let it out until it promises to be good."

So she placed it in her room, and went to breakfast.

The next morning she saw in golden letters on the vial these words: "Let me out, and I will grant you untold wealth."

So she ran to the little fairy, and asked her what to do; and the answer was, "Do not let her out until she promises to be good."

The next morning she saw again, in golden letters, these words: "I will be good, always good, if you let me out."

So she ran again to the little fairy, and asked what to do; and the answer was, "Let her out. A fairy never breaks her word."

So she went and opened the vial, and out flew the fly, alighting on the window-sill; it rubbed its wings with its hind feet and immediately became a beautiful fairy; and then, in a sweet, silver-like voice, thus addressed her: "Because you have kept me from evil doing in my anger, and have been kind to my granddaughter, I give you virtue, happiness, and long life. May you be the means of reforming mortals as you have me; and may your happiness exceed that of the fairies!"

She then flew to her granddaughter, and kissed her; and after Fragrance had thanked Clara, they flew off to fairy-land. And Clara was happy, for who is not when they have made others so?

CANARIES.

We have been requested by several fair correspondents to say something about canaries, and the best way of feeding and managing them. There are thirty distinct varieties of the canary, and these are placed in two divisions—the plain and the variegated, or, as they are called among fanciers, "gay birds," and the "jonques," or "jonquils." It is the interest of all who keep birds to pay them as much careful attention as possible. Their food is of great importance towards the maintenance of health.

Canaries are seed-eating birds; rape and canary-seed are the best kinds to give them as a general diet. During the moulting and breeding seasons they require richer food; therefore, it will be well to mix a small proportion of hemp-seed with the others, as well as a little hard-boiled yolk of egg, chopped small; occasionally, too, a small portion of raw, lean meat, scraped fine. During the hottest part of the year, let them have green food, such as salad, water-cress; and while it can be had, the cage should never be without groundsel, of which they are very fond. It is mistaken kindness to overfeed with delicacies a feathered pet; many are killed by such treatment.

Plain diet is the best for them. Beware of keeping sugar between the golden wires of their prisons, for although some birds will only peck at it occasionally, others are immoderately fond of sweets, and bring on disease. Pastes and powders are apt to turn sour, in which state they act like poison on the birds. Moist food should never be kept more than twenty-four hours; in hot weather give it fresh twice a day, and wash out the vessels carefully each time.

To young birds, if you have to feed them by hand, give wheaten bread crumbled, or biscuit grated fine, and mixed with bruised rape-seed and yolk of hard-boiled egg; moisten this with a little water into a paste, and give about four quillfuls to each bird ten or twelve times a day. As they grow up and become able to feed themselves, this quantity must be gradually decreased, and increase that of the seed, mixing with it, occasionally, canary and linseed; the latter is considered good for the voice.

These "pets" are liable to many diseases, inherent, no doubt, to their captivity; the most serious of which are surfeit or rupture, egg-rupture, scab in the head, sweating, sneezing, overgrown claws and beak, huskiness and loss of voice, constipation, epilepsy, diseased feet, and moulting sickness. Should your "pets" fall under any of these misfortunes, it will be well for you to consult a professional bird-fancier, rather than doctor them yourself. The water-vessels to their cages should be of porcelain, and attached to the outside of the cage, the interior of which ought to be at least a foot in height, eight inches in length, and about the same in breadth—that is, for one bird.

As soon as the young birds are able to feed themselves, which happens when they are about three weeks old, the proper time to commence teaching and training them has come. Those which are to be taught to pipe or whistle an air, should be placed in separate cages hung in a darkened room, unless the cages be covered; but the material for this purpose shall not be so stout as to exclude the air as well as the light. The tune must be correctly and clearly whistled to them, or played on a bird-organ, at intervals of two hours, repeating the tune at each interval five or six times. The morning and evening are the most favorable parts of the day for giving the lessons. While under tuition, they should be regularly but sparingly fed. Some are more quick at learning than others, and should be removed from the school-room as soon as they are perfect in tune.

With care and attention, these birds may be taught almost anything; for the canary is a very apt scholar, and much pleasure will be derived in teaching it.

THE best education one can obtain is the education experience gives. In passing through life learn everything you can. It will all come in play.

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THE BOUDOIR

FASHION NOTES AND QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress "SATURDAY EVENING POST."]

"What is the coolest fabric to be found in the market?" is a favorite query, and well notes the state of the weather.

From weeks of alternate days of heat and cold, we have suddenly merged into the heated term, and are found unprepared, for, it has been said, our season was to be all cold and cloudy; but to-day we find the prognostication without force, and feel to recommend the

LATTICE-WORK POLONAISE,

as the only proper dress for the period. This is in sheer thread, very like batiste, and cross-barred like muslin, only the bars are not filled, but open, like lace work.

This cool fabric, worn over a pongee skirt or batiste of the same shade, is really a very desirable costume, and has the merit at least of looking cool, whether the wearer keeps cool under it or not.

LINEN SUITS,

now in market, are made with the basque and overskirt in one, and is by some called a polonaise. The favorite trimming is a pretty machine chain-stitched pattern, usually done in white, and the edges of basque, flounces, sleeves, and square sailor collar, are cut in sharp points and button-holed in white floss.

PATTERN SUITS

come in linen, in boxes, with the plaiting all made, the bands stitched on the cuffs, collar, and overskirt; and, if fringed, the exact length of fringe is included. With these trimmings ready-made, the making of suits is of but minor importance, for a perfect-fitting waist is all that is desired.

THE LOVELIEST SUIT

at a recent reception, was formed of violet and pale mauve silk. The back part of the skirt was of mauve, and formed a train; the front of the skirt was of the violet, and the two were joined by alternate bows of the two shades. Two flounces of mauve, lined and headed with violet, trimmed the entire skirt; and the mauve basque was very short in front, with a violet vest, and ended in long points at the back, trimmed with revers of violet silk, and the entire basque edged with a mixed fringe of mauve and violet. The sleeves were tight to the elbow, and fell below in two flounces of the alternate colors.

Another at the same reception was a silk of stone gray, trimmed with a delicate lavender; the front of skirt was finished with three sets of folds, the width of the folds apart; each set was composed of three folds, falling to a point in the centre of the front width, and there fastened with bows and ends composed of the darker shade, lined with the lighter. The vest basque ended in broad coat tails at the back, and there were looped by a sash and ends full twelve inches wide, formed of the dark silk, lined with the light.

MAZATLAN

is the name of an entire new fabric, just imported for overdresses. It is in white and ecru, and is pure silk, open mesh, one and one-half yard wide, at $4.50 per yard. It is truly beautiful in its soft texture, and must be popular as the overdress of the season.

YAK AND GUIPURE LACE

is furnished by the yard, for the natty sleeveless jacket now so universally worn, and ladies of leisure purchase and bead it themselves. The ecru, beaded with jet, makes one of the loveliest sacques for an evening promenade or reception one can imagine, and the cost, if made at home, is hardly one-half of those ready-made.

GRENADINE SACQUES

are another novelty. These are made in black grenadine, properly beaded, and edged with elegant beaded lace. The effect is charming, and the expense but trifling.

FOULARDS

are more thought of this season than ever before, and they have fallen in price to such an extent that one may as well purchase foulard as print; and the material is such that it makes into trimming beautifully.

CREPE LISSE

plaitings are looked upon as the choicest of all for evening ruches. It is plaited fully and a double row of unequal widths fills in the open ruches beautifully. The same ruching finishes the sleeves.

PELERINE CAPES,

now called berthas, fashioned of lovely inserting and soft silk or crepe, in delicate shades, is considered the most stylish finish for the shoulders for evening; and often a sash formed the same, loops the dress at the back. The berthas are round-pointed at the back, cross on the breast, and the points fastened at bottom of waist at the sides with a tiny bunch of flowers.

HATS

are the oddest and queerest of all hats ever worn. The "Murska" is an entirely new style, with upturned brim, high, square crown, and a split at the right side; this is filled in with roses or daisies, and roses wreathe the crown. Often the left side of the hat is caught to the crown, and the whole of the brim is filled in with daisies or forget-me-nots; a prevailing style—becoming, however, to but few.

THE MARVELOUS TUCKER,

of which we made mention, is really a "marvel." Unlike other tuckers, it folds one while tightening the other. It holds the tuck in place so that it cannot slide and be uneven; it will tuck Swiss or lace, and makes no more noise than the ordinary machine. It has all the attachments improved, and gathers, cords, and sews to a plain band at one operation; and makes every fold known to the seamstress. We predict for it an immense popularity.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. JULIA H. We imagine, should you purchase a few yards of mauve silk, and combine with trimming your gray, you would find your suit very stylish, and quite too good to "throw away."

HAND P. The linen suits with plaitings, etc., ready-made to hand, can be finished up in a few hours by the aid of a machine; and they seem to us a perfect boon. They cost from $8 to $13.

LITTLE GOLDEN. Let your hair wave naturally; do not confine it, except by ribbons. Toss it about as carelessly as possible on your head. You are too young for puffs and coronets.

GRACIE. A white muslin slip, with a rose silk overdress, would be pretty, with a broad sash of white and rose double-faced ribbon.

MRS. M. M. Sets of Chivalrie cost from $8 to $1,000. It is a very popular out-door amusement, and will become more so than croquet in time. ALICE ETHEL.

LIPS AND EYES.

BY G. L. M.

In Celia's face a question did arise—
"Which were more beautiful, her lips or eyes?"
We said, "The eyes send forth those pointed darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."
"From us," replied the lips, "proceed those blisses
Which lovers reap from sweetest words and kisses."
Then wept the eyes, and from their springs did pour
Of liquid, oriental pearl a shower!
Whereat the lips, moved with delight and pleasure,
Thro' a sweet smile unlocked their pearly treasure,
And bade Love judge which thus did add most grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls, in Celia's face.

GIRARD ALDRICH'S FAILURE.

A TALE OF THE PANIC.

BY CHERRY JAMES.

When Girard Aldrich married Florence Fairleigh, he congratulated himself that the world was right in calling it a very brilliant match; and, as fashionable mothers go, it was brilliant. Florence Fairleigh was the daughter of a very high-toned family in society circles; she was beautiful, accomplished, a leader of fashion, and a belle. He was a wealthy banker, a bold and remarkably successful financier, with the faculty, it seemed, of turning everything into gold with his Midas touch. He possessed an elegant city mansion and beautiful country estate; and when his thoughts could be drawn from cent. per cent., or the launching of some new and daring financial scheme upon the market, he was entertaining and agreeable.

The wedding was a most brilliant one; the trousseau of the bride, imported at the cost of a snug fortune, was the town talk, and the envy of fashionable circles for weeks after; the presents were superb in their taste and richness; and the reception at the elegant mansion, which was to be their city residence, graced as it was by the *elite*, was pronounced the grandest *fete* of the season.

All this and the few first months of wedded bliss over, Girard Aldrich fell back into the old tenor of business pursuits and preoccupation, just as before his marriage he had concluded would be the result. With the calm business forecast that he carried into everything—for his golden rule was: "Everything subservient to one's occupation," he had married just in the beginning of the annual period of stagnation in financial affairs, and when activity again appeared in financial circles, he, feeling that he had done justice to the *role* of bridegroom, dropped into his old niche in the Juggernaut wheel of business, working late and early, and giving Mrs. Aldrich no more of his society than was required by the partaking of his meals, the entertaining of guests at his home, and an occasional evening out, never dreaming that she would expect anything beyond this.

Girard Aldrich would, in fact, have been a greatly astonished man had any one insinuated to him that he was not in the fullest fulfilling the duties of a husband, nor manifesting a proper degree of affection towards his wife. He had married her because she was brilliant, fashionable, beautiful, and a belle, and would grace his home and name, and he doubted not that she married him because he possessed wealth and position; therefore, it was an even trade. He now gave her a *carte blanche* upon his bank account for every real or imaginary want, never questioning her as to the use she put money to, or charging her with extravagance, for it was his desire that, as his wife, she would always be a leader in fashion, dressing the richest; keeping up the most expensive establishment; and giving the most brilliant entertainments. It was his pride that his wife and home, in their matchless beauty and elegance, were the costliest. Surely, therefore, his wife should be contented on this score. If in the preoccupation of business, he did not give her much of his own society; he never put any check upon the use she made of her moments, so that they were even, also, on that point. It was true that his wife learned nothing from him of his worldly affairs, and he never indulged in any confidences with her. But could she complain of this, realizing that he was quite as reticent on his personal affairs with his gentlemen friends, who numbered among them shrewd business men and sharp financiers who had the knowledge to advise knowingly in business matters, which knowledge he could not, of course, possess?

After all, the world in general would have called Girard Aldrich a kind, indulgent husband, and many matter-of-fact people exist to-day as well as Girard Aldrich, who, like him, view matrimony as a strictly business partnership, devoid of love or romance.

The third anniversary of the wedding-day had arrived. The fact quite escaped Girard Aldrich's memory, in a rush of business matters; but his wife, remembering it with a knowledge of all the keen disappointment the past years of wedded life had brought to her, and a yearning hope in a better future, determined to make it a turning point in her career. Her husband dined with her usually at 6 P. M., and on this evening a sumptuous repast, prepared under her own supervision, was spread for him, while, dressed in exquisite taste, she awaited him, with her beautiful face more cheerful than it had been for many months previous.

Could she by these innocent stratagems and by loving words and attentions on his arrival, keep her husband by her side during this evening? Could she not make the evening so pleasant to him that he would not wish to wander over to the Fifth avenue to talk financial schemes or speculate in stocks; and if she could awaken a little tenderness in his heart on this evening, might she not hope that it would not die out, but grow under her loving care until he would realize that business should not subvert home love and duties? These were her thoughts as she anxiously awaited his arrival. What though she had indulged in these hopes before and found them speedily shattered? the present effort might be more auspicious. She had noticed that for weeks past his face had worn a sadly troubled look, that he was nervous, irritable, peevish and easily annoyed, and on the previous night he had not returned home at all. He was evidently making himself sick by too close attention to business, and she meant to induce him, if possible, to take a rest from all fatigue of mind.

But as the minutes sped by after his usual dinner hour, bringing no sound of his approaching footsteps, she grew anxious and desponding. At last he came, an hour late. She met him, spoke tenderly to him, and clung yearningly to his arm, but almost rudely answering her, he threw himself into his chair at the table, and, stolidly fixing his eyes on the cloth before him, gulped down the almost scalding coffee which the servant presented to him. But when he attempted to eat, the food choked him, and, giving way utterly, he dropped his head on the table and sobbed bitterly.

Though he had studiously kept his gaze from her, she had realized how pale, pinched and haggard his face had become since she last saw it, as if he had passed through years of misery, and it frightened her. But now, when she heard his deep sobs, she hastened to his side, and clasping her arms around his neck, pleaded to know the cause of his sorrow.

"You have ever refused, dear husband, to confide anything of your business troubles to me," she said. "I am your own wife, longing to share your sorrows, to be a companion and a comforter to you. Will you not at last give me my rightful place by your side, Girard, not as the fashionable, thoughtless doll, but as a loving, confiding wife—a helpmeet? Trust me, my husband, on this evening of all others—the third anniversary of our wedding."

"I cannot—I cannot," the weeping man murmured. "The intelligence would overwhelm you."

"Try me, my husband," she said, firmly. "If it touches neither my husband's love for me nor his honor, I can stand it."

"Then, Florence," he added, raising his head and looking almost defiantly upon her, "know the worst at once. I am a ruined man, a beggar! Everything I own is swept away in the financial crash that has settled down upon Wall street to-day."

* * * * * * *

Some proud natures when borne down by adversity from their lofty positions, are sadly broken and shattered by the fall, while the same adversity arouses clinging natures by the strength of the love they submit upon, to grand heights of heroism, in protecting the object of that love. So it was with Girard Aldrich and his wife. Utterly overwhelmed by the sweeping ruin that had overtaken him, he became helpless as a child, relinquished every effort and hope, and soon gave evidence that his reason had been shattered by his misfortune. Harmless and helpless, he clung to his wife, feeling contented in her presence, but moaning and lamenting bitterly when she was out of his sight.

These were sad, sorrowful days to the young wife, reared so tenderly. Facing the sternest trials bravely, however, she labored days and nights until she mastered her husband's affairs, brought order out of chaos by the help of kind friends, and gave up everything to his creditors; their elegant home, her own jewels and wardrobe even, leaving his name clear from any stain and his hands free from any debt, but stripping herself of every luxury, and of many necessities as well, in doing this.

And then she went out, almost penniless, with her helpless husband, to a couple of rented rooms, very plainly furnished, in a tenement house, there to take up her cross. Some may ask why she did not seek shelter in the home of her parents, but the financial collapse that swept Girard Aldrich's fortune from him, also brought distress, not so sweeping, but terrible enough, upon her own father and many others. Others may wonder why Girard Aldrich had not, on seeing the crisis approaching, provided for his wife; but, whatever his faults, he was honest; and therefore he had not made over to her, as we fear many others would have done, under similar provocation, the home she lived in and enough other items of value to enable her to continue living in extravagant style. Neither would his wife have accepted wealth gained in so questionable a manner.

In her two plainly-furnished rooms Mrs. Aldrich had no use for a servant. She attended to all the household duties with her own hands, bringing into play the knowledge acquired from her practical mother. She cooked and scrubbed, swept and dusted, making everything bright and tidy and cheerful. And with happy face, cheerful words, and hopeful manner, she cared for her invalid husband, anticipating his every want, patient under his every whim, and carefully guarding him from everything that would disturb him or call up a remembrance of his misfortune. His mind seemed to be a blank, except when she was lovingly ministering to his wants or holding his poor troubled head on her bosom and soothing it with her electric touch. At such moments, recognizing her, he seemed to struggle hard to regain the thread of the past in his memory, and this gave her hope that his reason would reinstate itself again after a period of rest.

But during these days she was obliged to seek some employment whereby she might support herself and husband. Her former fashionable friends who were not harmed by the financial panic did not desert her. They recognized and could not avoid admiring the sterling qualities of the brave wife; they would cheerfully have done much for her in the form of charity, but, her proud nature refusing anything that she did not give a consideration for, they were glad to avail themselves of her brilliant musical attainments in the education of their children, and she soon had a class of musical scholars under her tuition. Besides this, she sought and obtained employment in fine sewing, copying, retouching paintings, and lastly came an engagement as singer in a choir, at a small, but thankfully-accepted salary.

Wherever this brave, cheerful woman sought employment, she filled others by her earnestness with a desire to help her. And whatever her hands could find to do, that she did cheerfully.

Thus, toiling late and early, with mind and body constantly on a strain, did she not grow sick from overwork? No; for the one great hope of her life—the winning back her husband to health and reason again—nerved her through all her trials. Her hope was realized. Girard Aldrich awoke to reason and to his altered circumstances, and, like the brave man that he really was at heart, he rose above despair and repining. Could he, could any man do less, looking upon the noble example of heroism in the weak, tenderly-reared young wife? He sought and readily found employment as a clerk because of his knowledge of business; but his wife still persisted in continuing her employments, and thus aiding him.

She had saved him from a fate more pitiless than death, and wooed reason back to his darkened mind; she had learned him to lean upon her faithful breast and grow strong from its sympathy and courage; she had taught him the sweet cheerfulness, the forbearance and the power for disarming privation that love brings, and, now, as he beheld her in her humble household duties, smiling and patient, bringing order, cleanliness, and genuine sunshine out of her every touch, as he ate with rarest relish the simple viands prepared by her delicate hands, as he sat the quiet evenings through by her side in their plain home, with her hands lingering tenderly in his, or her arms clinging tenderly around his neck, or watching her deft fingers in delicate needle work, while they told to each other the adventures of the day, or laid humble plans for the future, several thoughts would continue to repeat themselves in his mind. One was a strange deep wonder how the beautiful butterfly of fashion, whom he had won as his wife, proved, after all, to be the chrysalis of a brave, lovely, loving and true woman. Another was that in this humble home with poverty and toil as their portion, there came to him more happiness and comfort, more blessings than his costly mansion and vast wealth could provide him with, and still another was that he was finding a tenfold compensation for all that he had lost in the blessings that he was now gaining.

But only a few weeks of such poverty was allowed them. Intelligence came to them from Girard's creditors that the termination of the financial panic and improvement in the tone of the stock markets, had enabled them to realize better prices than they had anticipated for his securities, and that on settlement in full of all demands against him, there remained a balance to his credit of nearly fifty thousand dollars. With this news came a proffer of partnership with a reliable firm in mercantile business, which being very favorable to him, he at once accepted.

Though, by these fortunate circumstances, a vast change was wrought to the Aldrichs, placing them again in prosperity and on the high road to wealth, the only alteration in her new life that Mrs. Aldrich would accept, was the relinquishing of her out of door employments and the securing of a neat but unpretentious home in a quiet neighborhood, where with a single servant to aid her, she conducts her housekeeping in a way to make his home a constant charm to her husband. In his almost worship of her, he frequently wraps her within his arms and, pressing her to his bosom in gratitude, assures her that he will never again grow so rich that he will have no time to spend with his wife, nor become too wise to confide his plans to her, for her love has brought to him a more priceless fortune than that which he lost.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Some people live very much in their senses; others very little. The former are never among the absent-minded; the latter very often. The saying of Lord Macaulay is, perhaps, too severe on one of its sides, when he remarks that absent-mindedness is the mark of either a genius or a fool. A man's mind may be so intensely occupied, and absorbed away in his spiritual nature, with lofty intuitions and inspirations, that his senses, seemingly, are scarcely awake to the realities of this tangible world. This, undoubtedly, is true of transcendent genius. It was said of a great painter, that he sometimes walked along the street utterly oblivious to the presence of people, horses and carts, and was observed to wave his hand in the air, as if holding a brush in the act of dashing off the outline of some great conception.

We have heard of a young fellow employed in an Italian warehouse, who, one day, was sent into the cellar to draw a gallon of oil. While waiting, he snatched up a piece of chalk, and in a minute was absorbed in sketching his master's profile. The profile on the hogshead was capital, but the master's barrel of oil, while the boy-artist was absorbed in his pursuit, pursued its way over the cellar floor. It was voted that he would not do for a merchant; but just now he is a first-rate artist.

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton that he often forgot to eat his dinner, which his housekeeper was accustomed to leave in a closet near his study door. His head was too much in the heavens to mind the earth; so a friend, knowing his peculiarity, one day slipped his dinner out of the basket and ate it up. When at last the philosopher came out and greeted his friend, he asked to be excused till he took his lunch. On looking into the basket and finding it gone, he simply exclaimed, much to his friend's amusement, "Oh, I forgot I had eaten my dinner!"

But absent-mindedness may come from the habit of intense concentration. These cases are more frequent, especially among those men who train themselves to dwell upon the workings of pure mind, or whose profession leads them to the intense pursuit of abstract truth. It is said of the great and good Neander, the learned lecturer, and ecclesiastical historian of Germany, that his sister had to watch him daily, to see that he did not start to the University with his nightcap on, or with his study gown or slippers; and it was not uncommon for him, when moving aside from the jostling crowd in the street, to step into the gutter, where he walked on and on, seemingly unconscious where he was stepping.

Professor Henry, the mathematician, was rather a famous illustration. When he was courting the young lady who became his worthy wife, he would often walk for many minutes in her company wituout saying a word, and apparently quite oblivious of her presence. One evening she took advantage of his mental absence to play him a trick. She slipped her arm from his, and hurried home a nearer way. He continued to hold his arm in the same position, walked up the steps of her father's house and rang the bell; and lo, she herself opened the door! He stared in an incredulous manner, and exclaimed, "Why, Sarah, how in the world did you get on that side of the door?"

There is a striking instance given of Pere Gratsy, who had just been nominated director of the Academy in Paris. One day, when going to the Sobonne, where he lectured on theology, he imagined he had forgotten his watch, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and fetch it.

But, in most cases, absent mindedness comes of the more faulty habits of inattention, listlessness, and day-dreaming, and sometimes by young people being very much in *love*; in which case it is a temporary disease, like the measles. We had a college friend whom we could rank neither among geniuses nor fools, but who often gave very amusing illustrations of mind-wandering. Sometimes he would rush upstairs, rap at his own door, and stand silently waiting, or in a whistling attitude, for some one to say, "Come in." However, since he captured the young lady with whom he was so much in love, he has no need now of going a wool-gathering, or, rather, chignon-hunting, for she is "ever near."

FIRST LOVE.

When a very young person first fancies himself, or herself, in love, the world assumes a marvellously rose-colored aspect. Everything is unwontedly gorgeous in the sight of the one thus affected. The sun shines brighter than ever before; the sky is bluer and purer; the trees are greener, the birds sing more sweetly, and the waters flow with a livelier current—a more cheery babble. But when the limited phantasm of first love is dispelled, as it is almost sure to be, sooner or later, how changed is everything in the outer world! The sunshine is lurid and terrible: the sky lowers with the presage of storms; the trees look parched; the birds also moan plaintively; and in a word, the earth becomes a desert, men and women are cheats and deceivers, and nothing in the wide and weary world can cheer the unhappy one whose sight is turned inward to gaze constantly upon the morbid sorrow hugged and cherished there.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

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Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Geographical Enigma—"The Pen is Mightier than the Sword"—May Conquet—Parted—The Jealous Lover—Lost at Sea—Light at Last.

—TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS—

J. W. H. A gentleman should always precede a lady going up stairs, and follow her when descending. Such is the etiquette on this point.

READER. The quotation—

——"Do good by stealth,
And blush to find it fame"—

is from Pope's "Epilogue of the Satires."

PERPLEXED. Between your two lovers, you must be guided by your own feelings, and not by the advice of any stranger, who could not possibly guide you honestly and conscientiously in your choice.

ANXIOUS. The expression, "A ten-foot pole," is not, of course, strictly speaking, correct; but it is so commonly used in conversation that its not being exactly grammatical has come to be lost sight of.

HENRY W. L., (Caledonia.) We would refer you to the following works, which treat on the subject you speak of: Headlands on the Action of Medicines; Tanner's Memoranda on Poisons; Taylor's Toxicology; Christieson's Treatise on Poisons; and Hensley's Toxicologist's Guide.

F. K. H. To say 1½ yard is correct, not 1½ yards, as it is not plural, but singular with a fraction, which does not amount to two, the smallest plural number. "Three half-yards" is plural, because then the half-yard is the unit; but when yard is the unit, not less than two yards is plural.

MRS. E. D., (Equinunk, Pa.) "Please answer this in your paper, as there is a difference of opinion between our Teacher and Superintendent. In the sentence, 'My punishment is greater *than* I can bear,' what is 'than,' a pronoun or a conjunction?" It is a conjunction, in the sentence quoted.

ENQUIRER, (Chester, Pa.) We have no hesitation in saying that the young lady would be acting very wrongly indeed were she to retain the presents under the circumstances you mention. She ought to pack them all up in a parcel, and return them without any accompanying letter whatever.

BASE BALL. According to the rules of etiquette, when a gentleman meets a lady on the street, with whom he is but slightly acquainted, or to whom he has but recently been introduced, he must wait to be recognized by the lady before he bows; but with friends or intimate acquaintances such extreme formality need not be indulged in.

THOMAS F. In England, one can get married either by a common marriage license or by special license. The former costs 2*l*., 12*s*., 6*d*.—the latter costs thirty guineas. There must have been a residence of fifteen days, by one of the parties to be married, in the parish where the ceremony is to take place, when the common license is used. With a special license, the parties may be married at any hour and at any place, and no previous residence is required.

G. P. P. The sizes of books are usually indicated as follows: "4to or quarto," the sheet folded in four leaves; "royal 8vo," or "imperial 8vo," large size octavo, and "8vo," octavo, or "crown 8vo," crown octavo, is the sheet folded in eight or sixteen leaves; "12mo," duodecimo, the sheet folded in twelve or twenty-four leaves; "18mo," the sheet folded into eighteen or thirty-six leaves; and "24mo" and "32mo," the sheet folded into twenty-four and thirty-two leaves.

A. W. S., (Utica.) There is nothing ungentlemanly whatever in what you say, though of course it would not be right everywhere. It all depends upon circumstances. 2d. If you are afraid of the "rival," and not at all anxious to win the young lady, we should say the best thing for you is to try and forget her, and let the rival have it all his own way. But if you are really in love, then by no means should you retire; do all you can to cut him out, and let the best man win.

MAGGIE H. We are afraid that it has been owing to your own want of tact and firmness that the young men who are boarding in the same house with you treat you in the way you complain of. A woman should always be able to command respectful treatment from men without saying anything about it. Your manner can be made to speak louder than words; and if any one attempts to be unpleasantly familiar with you, you should set him right with a look, or by an exhibition of icy reserve.

R. S. V. P. "I have proposed to a young lady whom I have been paying attention to for some time; but she refused me. She said, however, that she thinks more of me than of any one else, and wishes me to continue my visits. What would you advise me to do?" Continue your visits, of course. The young lady's declination is by no means final, and from what she has said we judge she only wants a little more time to know you better. If you prove yourself worthy, we have no doubt she will, in due time, reconsider her refusal.

SUFFERER. All the advice we can give you regarding the unpleasant pimpular eruption from which you are suffering is to take plenty of active exercise in the open air; avoid fatty or rich food and eat plenty of fruit; keep the skin clean, and frequently rub a coarse flannel over the face and neck to keep the pores open. You may also apply a cooling lotion, composed of a weak solution of bichloride of mercury and emulsion of bitter almonds. This treatment you will find efficacious in driving away those disagreeable visitants.

D. C. H., (Mound City, Ills.) We need hardly say that it would not be at all proper for you to marry the young lady against the wishes of her father, even supposing she was willing to set his will at defiance by so doing. Any daughter who could be guilty of such a flagrant breach of filial duty would not, in our opinion, be likely to make a good wife. Our advice is for you to wait patiently till she is of age; and if by that time her father still remains as much opposed to the marriage as at present, you will both have had plenty of time for reflection, and if you still love each other, there would then be no reasonable objection to the consummation of your long-deferred hopes.

AN OLD FRIEND. "We have been wanting to paint some magic lantern slides, but the boys have not been able to get the right colors. So we thought you might be able to help us out of the difficulty. Any hints you can give will be welcome." The colors used in painting slides for magic lanterns are those which are transparent; such as the lakes, sap green, Prussian blue, distilled verdigris, gamboge, etc., ground in oil and tempered with mastic varnish. Copal varnish may be used in the dark shades. First draw on paper the subject you intend to paint, and fix it at each end to the glass; trace the outlines of the design with a fine hair pencil in strong tints in their proper colors, and when these are dry, fill up in their proper tints, shade with black listre and vandyke brown, as you find convenient.

SULKY. It is very silly of you to be quarrelling with your lover about such a trifling matter as the one you mention. Lovers should not dispute about matters of etiquette in regard to their behavior toward one another, nor be raising questions as to either of them being wanting in respect to the other. Such petty bickerings always lead to serious difficulties, and they also evince a lack of true love, not to mention a lack of common sense as well. When a couple are truly and devotedly attached to one another, they will not be troubling their heads about etiquette as between themselves. In fact, they will, on the contrary, be pretty certain to practice that higher and truer style of etiquette which springs from the heart, and from a desire on the part of each to make the other's condition at all times as pleasant and as happy as possible.

BRAKEMAN, (Baltimore.) "When were railway locomotives first introduced into this country, and when first constructed in this country?" The first locomotive engine ever seen in the United States was one imported from England in the spring of 1829. It was built by George Stephenson, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. On its arrival in this country it was on exhibition in the yard of a Mr. R. Dunscomb, in Philadelphia. The first ever constructed in America was one built by the Messrs. Kemble, in West street, New York city. It was built for the road designed to connect Charleston, South Carolina, with Hamburg, on the Savannah river. The locomotive was planned, built, and commenced running on the road in the year 1830. The first locomotive actually used on an American railroad was one imported from England in the summer of 1829, and two or three months after its arrival ran on the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's railroad.

FLORY. Just like most girls, you write and laugh about marriage as though it was a kind of jubilee, a rose without a thorn. And so it is, if it is all right; if you go about it like rational beings, instead of like giddy, thoughtless children. It is a serious thing to marry; it is a life-business, remember, in which your hearts and your future happiness are involved. You should therefore never do it in haste; never run away to get married, or steal a marriage; and never marry for money, or for standing in society, or for a handsome figure, or fine manners; but only for character, worth, and for all the qualities of mind and heart which make an honorable man. Take time, and think well before you accept the proposal that has been made you; consult your parents, and learn all that it is possible for you to learn of the gentleman who has proposed to you, and then, when you are perfectly satisfied, and not till then, accept him.

LOTTIE, (Alliance, Ohio.) So you are afraid of getting too stout, and want to know what you can do to prevent such a catastrophe, as you call it. Now, we don't see why you should dread becoming fat, for we think there is a degree of cheerfulness and merriment about most fat persons that renders them very cheerful companions and the most agreeable company. However, tastes differ, of course, and it is no business of ours; so we will reply to your question. It has been said all the flesh and all the fat we ever gain is accomplished during sleep. There is some truth in this, no doubt, and therefore sleeping but little will reduce obesity faster than anything else. The best and surest remedies are keeping cool by day and night, sleeping little, moderate indulgence in eating and drinking, and plenty of exercise. Some kinds of food produce more fat than others; for instance, nothing is more fattening than rice, sugar, butter, and malt liquors.

SUBSCRIBER, (Salem, O.) "What is the origin of the idea that spilling salt is unlucky?" Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Greeks and Romans, by whom salt was used in sacrifice. If the salt was split after it was placed on the head of the victim, it was considered a bad omen, signifying that the sacrifice was not accepted, and from this arose the superstition which exists at the present day. There is another saying, which we sometimes hear, applied to a shiftless fellow, that he is "not worth his salt," or "does not earn his salt." This is also derived from an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a salary who had his "salarium," that is, his allowance of salt-money, or of salt wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt; and, in this view of the word, we are afraid there are a great many men in this world who do "not earn their salt."

H. A. F. "How should a young man who is engaged to be married, and who wishes to recede from the engagement, because he has discovered that he does not or cannot love the lady as a husband should love his wife, cancel the engagement in a manner consistent with honor?" He should inform the young lady in the most delicate and tender manner possible, and leave her and her friends to put an end to the engagement, and to make it known to the public in their own way and according to their own wishes. In such a case the man is bound by honor to take the brunt of it, because it injures a young lady more to be rejected by her betrothed than it injures a man to be jilted. For these reasons the gentleman should allow the young lady and her friends to manage the dissolution of the engagement in their own way. He is in honor bound to save the lady's feelings—to take upon himself the burden of having been refused. A true gentleman will not hesitate to sacrifice his vanity.

CAPTAIN JINKS. "What is a carat? Is it an imaginary weight or not?" Yes, it is an imaginary weight, that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportions of pure gold in a mass of metal. Thus, an ounce of gold of twenty-two carats fine is gold of which twenty-two parts out of twenty-four are pure, the other two parts being silver, copper, or other metal. The weight of four grains, used by jewelers in weighing precious stones and pearls, is sometimes called diamond weight—the carat consisting of four nominal grains, a little lighter than four grains troy, or 74 1-16th carat grains being equal to 72 grains troy. The term of weighing carat derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree, called "Kuara." This bean, from the time of being gathered, varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been, from a very remote period, used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India, also, the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls.

M. H. N. "We have been having an argument as to what the different colors are emblems of, particularly as used in stained glass windows and by the old painters. Can you tell us anything about them?" The following are what are called the Emblematical Colors, and were so strictly attended to by the old painters, as being appropriate to certain subjects and personages, and therefore could not be arbitrarily applied or misapplied: White was the emblem of light, purity, innocence, virginity, faith, joy, and life. Red signified fire, divine love, the Holy Spirit, heat, the creative power, and royalty. In a bad sense, Red signified war, blood, hatred, and punishment. Blue expressed heaven, the firmament, truth, constancy, and fidelity. Yellow was the symbol of the sun, of the goodness of God, initiation, marriage, faith, and fruitfulness. Green was the color of Spring, of hope, particularly hope in immortality, and of victory. Violet signified love and truth, or passion and suffering. Black expressed the earth, darkness, mourning, wretchedness, and death. White and Black together signify purity of life and mourning or humiliation.

J. E. D. "I am very anxious to try and improve myself by a course of reading, as I feel that I am very backward and deficient in many things, and having some spare time, would like to make the best use of it. Can you give me a list of books which would be most suitable for this purpose?" You have given us one of the most difficult tasks which we can perform; that is, to make out a list of books for common reading. There are two important matters, the knowledge of which is indispensable to a wise selection of books, of which we know nothing whatever. The first is your education and general capacity, and also the subjects on which you feel your deficiency; and, secondly, the means which exist in the neighborhood where you live for procuring books. Some persons, for instance, might read with profit Macaulay's History of England, while another would find himself utterly lost in its details. And, again, what good would be done by our recommending books which, perhaps, would be beyond your means of obtaining! Besides all this, the field of reading is so immense that we would be perplexed in making a selection of books. In all cases where it is possible, and in yours we should say that it would be your best plan, if you are really desirous of pursuing a profitable course of reading, is to go to some educated person among your personal friends, and seek his advice. The advice he would give would be adapted to your surroundings, and would be far more likely to be just what would be the best to meet your wants than any we could give you.

ENGINEER. "A few of us have been arguing as to who was the first person that ever suggested the use of steam, and as there is a great diversity of opinion, and we are not likely to agree, we thought the quickest way of settling the matter would be to leave it to you. So please do your best." We are sorry we cannot definitely settle the question in dispute, as it is still a debatable matter who was the first that suggested the use of steam as a motive power. All that is known as to this can, however, be comprised in a few sentences. Hero, a man of considerable attainments, who flourished in Alexandria in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, stands pre-eminent as the first who reduced the power to a mechanical contrivance, of which he has given a description in one of his works. Still there is no account of Hero's application of steam to arts and manufactures, nor, indeed, any account of its power being applied to useful purposes until the fifteenth century, when Matheseus, an ingenious writer, proposed to employ Hero's contrivance to turn a spit. In the sixteenth century, Solomon de Caus, a French engineer, proposed to apply the elastic power of steam to raise water, and suggested a simple apparatus for the purpose, consisting of a boiler fixed over a fire, having a stand-pipe fixed in the top of the boiler, its lower extremity terminating near the bottom of the water, and its upper extremity carried some height above the top of the boiler. The elastic force of steam being raised by the fire, passed upon the surface of the water, and caused a jet to descend from the upper extremity of the pipe. The same principle is described in a work published by the Marquis of Worcester, in 1663, entitled "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of Inventions," in which he describes a method of employing the power of steam to raise water. Scotland seems to be entitled, however, to the honor of having first reduced steam power to navigation in a practical manner, although France and England each claim the merit of having made the suggestion that would naturally lead to the result mentioned.

PETER SIMPLE. We can see both from your letter and also from the signature which you have chosen to write to us under that you have been reading Captain Marryatt's works, and maybe other sea-novels, and that you have been impressed by them with the romantic phases of a sailor's life, and are eager to go to sea. We know of no writer who has done more mischief in this way than Marryatt. A sailor himself, he shows up the comic phases of ship-life, avoiding those which are serious and smoothing over the difficulties, and thus leads his boy-readers to imagine that a sailor's life is one of fun, frolic, and jollification, with the advantage of seeing distant lands and peoples. Most boys are naturally fond of fun, and of course are easily led away and deluded by such stories. We are afraid you are one of these, and if you are really serious in your resolve to go to sea, with or without your parents' consent, as you say, we would earnestly ask you to listen to what we are going to say. We speak from personal knowledge and from considerable experience among seafaring men, when we assure you that the life of a sailor is not what you imagine, and that above all the position of a boy learning to be a sailor, such as you would be, is peculiarly unfortunate and full of hardships. No matter what your previous education and manner of life have been, when you once go on board ship, you will have to bid good-bye to home and all its comforts. As cabin-boy, you will be required to do all kinds of menial and unpleasant services, not degrading in themselves, but contrasting with all your present romantic expectations; you will perhaps have to put up with much rough and unkind treatment, not alone from the ship's officers, but from the sailors of more mature years; and if you attempted to show any repugnance to the tasks assigned you, or to remonstrate against harshness or abuse, "kicks, buffs, and knocks," as the sailors say, would be all you are likely to get in return. We have not by any means overdrawn the picture; on the contrary, we might have made it still stronger, had we said all we knew; but we hope that what we have urged will make you think seriously and reconsider your present very foolish determination.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.